SATURDAY NIGHT

AUGUST 16, 1952 10 CENTS

THE NEW DRUGS: THEIR SERIOUS ASPECT

by Robin Coutts

ANTIBIOTICS, the new drugs which opened a whole new field in war on diseases and spectacularly improved the treatment for many dangerous conditions, are now being recognized as dangerous in their own right. Only time can give the answer as to how valuable the new drugs really are. After the first rush of enthusiasm, time has already shown that every one of the new discoveries has some dangerous side effect.

Every person accepts the fact that in every surgical operation there is an element of risk. If the new drugs were prescribed with the same feeling of calculated risk, no one could object to some fatalities occurring while the drugs were saving many other lives. But in the enthusiasm of discovery the antibiotics have been and still are being prescribed for many minor conditions.

Drugs that have immediate serious effects do not come into general use. Those that frequently cause severe damage are soon dropped. A good example of this type were the nitrophenols, similar to explosives, which suddenly became popular about 15 years ago as a quick way for fat persons to reduce. They just melted the fat away, but when it was found that some of the patients died and a number developed eye cataracts, the nitrophenols were quickly withdrawn.

A number of useful preparations, however, which may be taken by the majority of patients with impunity, occasionally are capable of causing serious harm. Before antibiotics came along with their great usefulness and serious dangers there were examples of other drugs used for long periods before their poisonous effects were fully appreciated. Pyramidon, a drug used like aspirin for headaches particularly by women, had been taken for years before it was recognized that a serious reduction in the white cells of the blood might follow its repeated administration. As the white cells are the body's weapons in combating disease, this can produce very serious results.

IT IS ONLY in recent years it has been appreciated that unrestrained use of bromides frequently causes serious mental disease. This resulted in the Federal Proprietary and Patent Medicine Board forcing many patent medicines to reduce their bromide content.

And now that the front page headline stage has passed, it is becoming well recognized that complex newer chemicals, particularly those which contain a phenyl ring and may produce poisoning similar to benzol poisoning, are capable of causing serious harm as well as great benefit. This group includes sulphonamides, some of the antibiotics,

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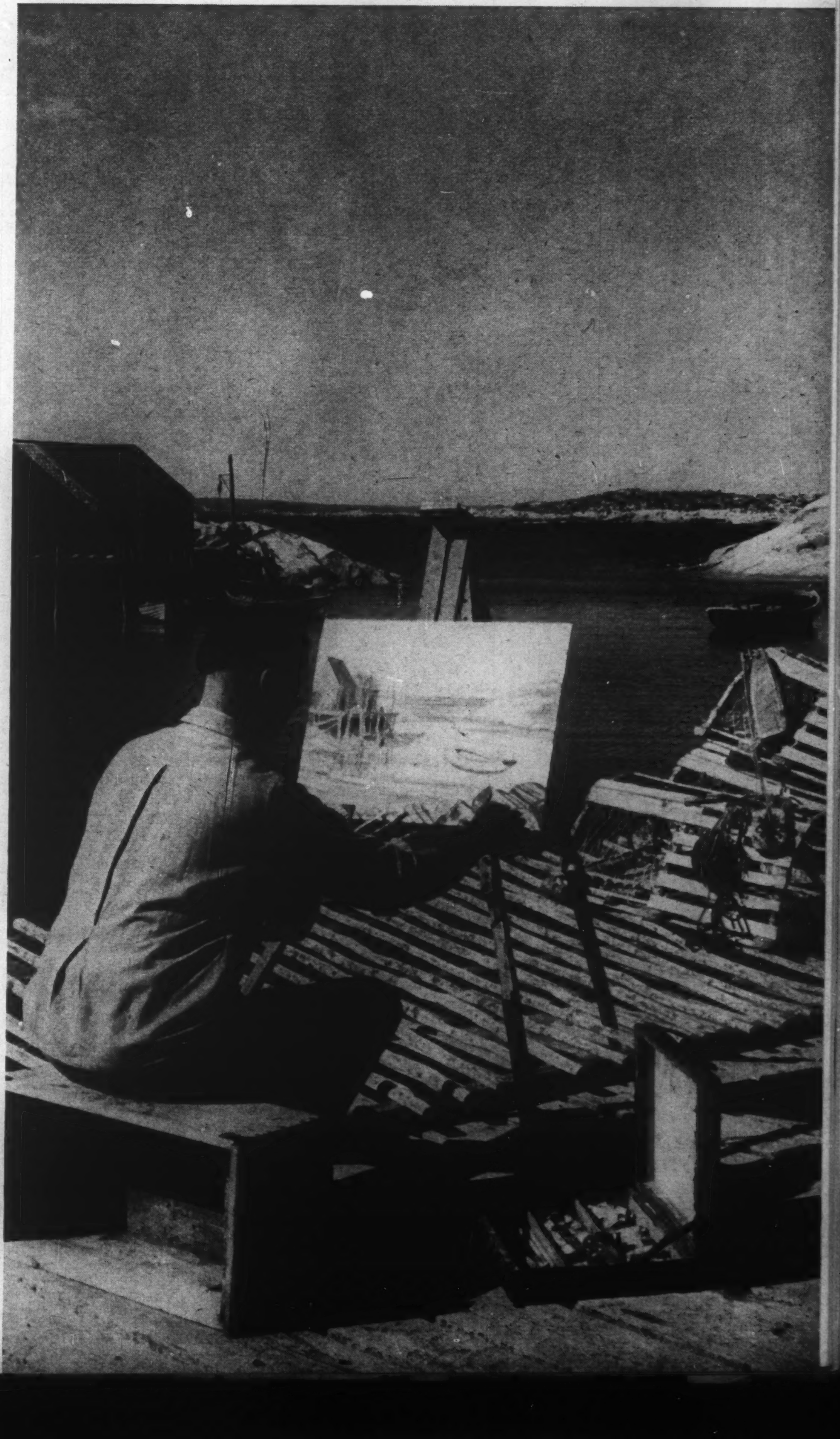
DIEPPE

Canada's Costliest Day

by Ross Munro



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Letters to the Editor

U.F.O. Raiders

THAT article in a recent issue of SATURDAY NIGHT on "The Rise and Fall of the UFO" is exceedingly interesting and has some relevance to political developments today in some parts of Canada.

Having with almost tragic consequences tried to keep up with Ernest Drury in his whirlwind campaign in Eastern Ontario, what you present about the relations between him and "J. J." (Mr. Morrison) and W. E. Raney has a special interest here.

Mr. Morrison was not far wrong when he said that Prohibition was an obsession with Raney. Another fault of Raney was that he was not a good politician, was a bad timer and poor chooser of geography when seized with a Prohibition urge.

"Raney's Raiders" were responsible for the one and only attempt to raid the premises of Canada's Parliament, and that raid was an egregious failure.

Mr. Raney as Attorney-General of Ontario quite properly felt his job was to enforce the law, but two futile forays by his Provincial Police in the Ottawa district cast some doubt on the constitutional right of Mr. Raney to meddle with the federal capital.

It was literally on the eve of the annual Press Gallery dinner, long regarded as a national event. Because news had been leaked to the Raney forces that this particular dinner was to be unusually libatious Mr. Raney gave orders to make a preventive raid.

Three of the Provincial force came up the front steps of the main entrance to the Parliament Buildings about two hours before the dinner was to commence. The House protective staff had been given a tip-off that a raid was impending. The staff lined up inside the main entrance and when the Provincial staff made as if to come in the head of the House army said, "Only over our dead bodies." The tone in which he said it convinced the Provincial people he meant business and they rather sheepishly retreated.

A little later that year a similarly futile attempt was made to raid the Armories on Cartier Square.

Ottawa, Ont. F. C. MEARS

Some Must Forget

PROFESSOR LOWER says in SATURDAY NIGHT recently: "The Anglo-Saxon can never forget his world affiliations, but what of the Finn, the Slovak or the Hungarian? The old world has virtually ceased to exist for such after one or two generations in this country, for no political tie, no tie of sentiment, takes them back to it. On the prairies, a Canadian type is growing up which knows only Canada, which some day must be as Canadian as is French Canada, untrammeled by the disturbing hindsight of the Ontarian or the New Brunswicker."

By "hindsight" Professor Lower apparently means a sense of history, which of course, to a historian, is perfectly deplorable. But that is the least of the beauties of this remarkable passage, which, in three sentences, manages to convey the whole essence of Canadian "Nationalism".

Professor Lower makes "the Ontarian or the New Brunswicker" the villain of the "Nationalist" melodrama, but his remark about the "Anglo-Saxons" makes it clear that the people of Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island and British Columbia (and for that matter even the "Anglo-Saxons" of the prairies) are little if any better. Only French-Canadians or people of unimpeachable foreign ancestry (and perhaps Indians?) can pass muster. All the rest must have that dreadful "hindsight". The true Canadian must "forget world affiliations"; for him "the old world" must "virtually cease to exist"; he must "know only Canada". (All this will be a great help to him in the United Nations and NATO.) So no one of British blood can qualify: "Out, damned spot! out, I say!" But all the perfumes of the Laurentian Shield will not sweeten the "Anglo-Saxon" hand. Second-class citizens, we are.

FRENCH CANADA is truly Canadian, because it is "untrammeled by hindsight". Of course, Quebec's motto is "Je me souviens". That rules out the past. The Quebec provincial flag has the fleur-de-lis all over it. The fleur-de-lis is purely Canadian. French-Canadians talk about "le fait français au Canada" and "le miracle de la survivance française en Amérique". That "knows only Canada". When I was last in Quebec City, the middle of June, Dufferin Terrace was decorated with a large sign, "Conservons notre héritage français", with a maple leaf and a fleur-de-lis in the middle. No "hindsight" about that.

I am not for a moment objecting to any of these things. French-Canadians have every right to remember, to have the fleur-de-lis in their provincial flag and in our national flag, to be proud of the French fact in Canada and the miracle of French survival in America; every right to want to preserve their French heritage. All this is part, and an essential part, of the Canadian tradition.

For the "Nationalists" also, all this is perfectly all right. But the English-Canadian must forget, not remember; he must give up the crosses of St. George, St. Andrew and St. Patrick in our national flag: he must deny the British fact in Canada and the miracle of British survival in America; he must forswear his British heritage. He must bow his head in shame that his forefathers were not French or Finnish or Hungarian or Slovak. The French tradition must and should survive; the Finnish or the Hungarian or the Slovak will die of itself; the British tradition must be done to death. Professor Lower of course does not say so. But that is the inescapable conclusion from what he does say.

Ottawa, Ont. EUGENE FORSEY

SATURDAY NIGHT

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Cover Photo by NS Bureau of Information: Artist paints in fishing village.

NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

CANADIAN movies, their making, their history and their future, are discussed by JAMES COWAN, an executive in the J. Arthur Rank organization in Canada . . . Writing from New York, L. L. L. GOLDEN analyzes what the choice of Ike and Adlai means to Canada and the world, as well as to the U.S. . . . PAUL DUVAL writes an appreciation of the work of Jack Nichols, young Canadian artist . . . The function of the Supreme Court and the part it should play in our judicial system is discussed by B. K. SANDWELL . . . How the Atkinson Foundation works and what it does is outlined by ALEX GIVENS, executive administrator of the charity that has caused political controversy . . . How to cope with the shortage of engineers, which threatens to continue for some years, is the problem for which GEORGE MORRISON of the National Employment Service has some suggestions . . . The difficulties confronting women who wish to be doctors are told to BERNICE COFFEY by Dr. Leslie Gray of Women's College Hospital.

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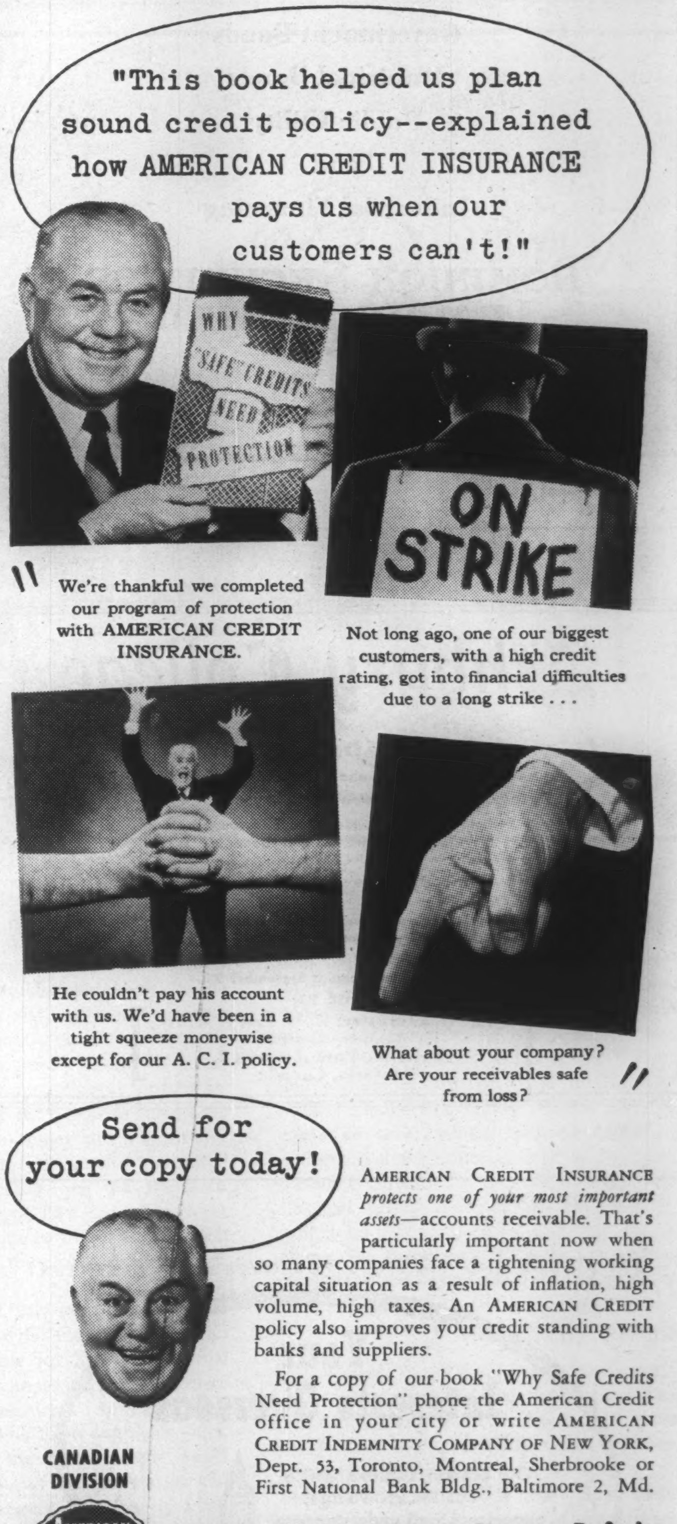

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OFFICES ACROSS CANADA FROM COAST TO COAST

OTTAWA VIEW

Mainly About Arms and Meat

by Michael Barkway

BEFORE an argument develops about how much Canada is helping Britain by arms purchases, it will be well to have some facts.

In the two-year period up to the middle of this year Canadian arms orders in Britain amounted to a little more than $50 million. In the same period Canadian orders in the United States amounted to about half a billion dollars. The ratio is about one dollar spent in Britain for ten in the U.S.

As usual in these affairs a clear statement like this has to be followed by a qualification. The British figure does not include the new aircraft-carrier which the RCN is buying: financial arrangements are not yet complete. It will also be swollen by repeat orders for more Centurion tanks. So without any deliberate change of policy the ratio will tip a little more favorably towards the U.K.

The tremendous preponderance of buying in the United States derives directly from a Cabinet decision taken almost exactly two years ago this week. It was the decision in favor of "North American integration", which included giving away our army stocks of British pattern and re-equipping with U.S. types. It meant that Canada was resolved to depend only on arms and supplies which, in case of war, would be available on this side of the Atlantic: no more dependence on the long and vulnerable trans-Atlantic pipeline.

The big items in our purchases from Britain have been Centurion tanks and Rolls-Royce "Nene" engines. The tanks may seem to violate the principle. But they were not bought until it was apparent that no modern American tank as good as the Centurion would be available for some time. Canada does not intend to make tanks, so there is no permanent dependence on trans-Atlantic supplies. That's the argument, anyway. The "Nene" engines are being bought for trainer, not combat, aircraft: again there is no permanent dependence on a British source of supply. The policy of North American integration may have been stretched a little: it hasn't been abandoned.

Even if at this stage a deliberate policy decision were made to switch more purchases to the United Kingdom, the biggest procurement programs are so far advanced that it would be a minor part of the total.

IN THE EARLY stages of the rearmament program, there was a good deal of worry about getting U.S. orders to balance our orders in the States. This balance is now establishing itself. On a current month to month basis the U.S. is now ordering more here than we are ordering there. Their total Canadian orders must be well over $300 million already, probably two thirds of our U.S. orders; and at the present rate they will catch up with us before long. Our biggest U.S. orders have already been placed. Current expenditures in the U.S. will not slacken off this year, probably; but by next year they should be declining.

The largest U.S. orders here are for aircraft—mostly trainers, though 60 F86's have already been bought from Canadair. Next largest is their expenditure on the construction of the radar stations which they are going to operate on Canadian territory, and on some of the equipment to go into the stations. There are also very sizeable orders for guns (mostly big guns from Sorel) and for ammunition and explosives. And besides these government contracts there is a few million dollars in sub-contracts given to Canadian firms by U.S. prime contractors.

ONE of the first reactions to the forthcoming Commonwealth Conference on sterling is to try to decide how much Canadian trade may be affected. In the first half of this year our exports to the United Kingdom were about 50 per cent higher than last year, in spite of all their cuts. Two major items accounted for between two-thirds and three-quarters of them. They were wheat (and flour) and the metals (aluminum, nickel, lead, zinc, copper, ferro-alloys, iron ore). These do not seem

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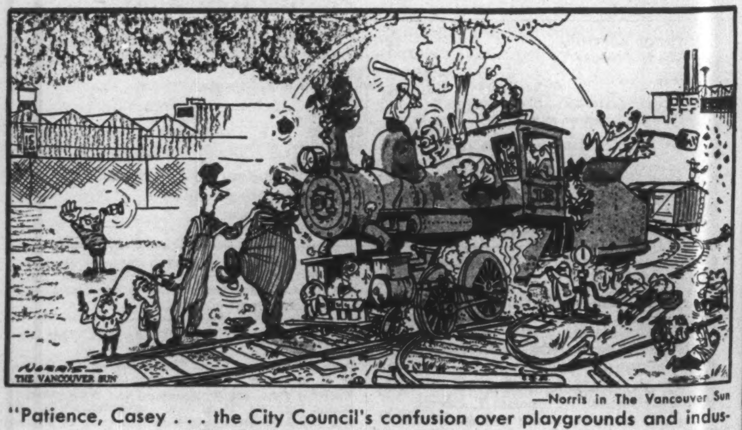


—Norris in The Vancouver Sun

"Patience, Casey . . . the City Council's confusion over playgrounds and industrial sites may be only temporary . . ."

EDITORIALS

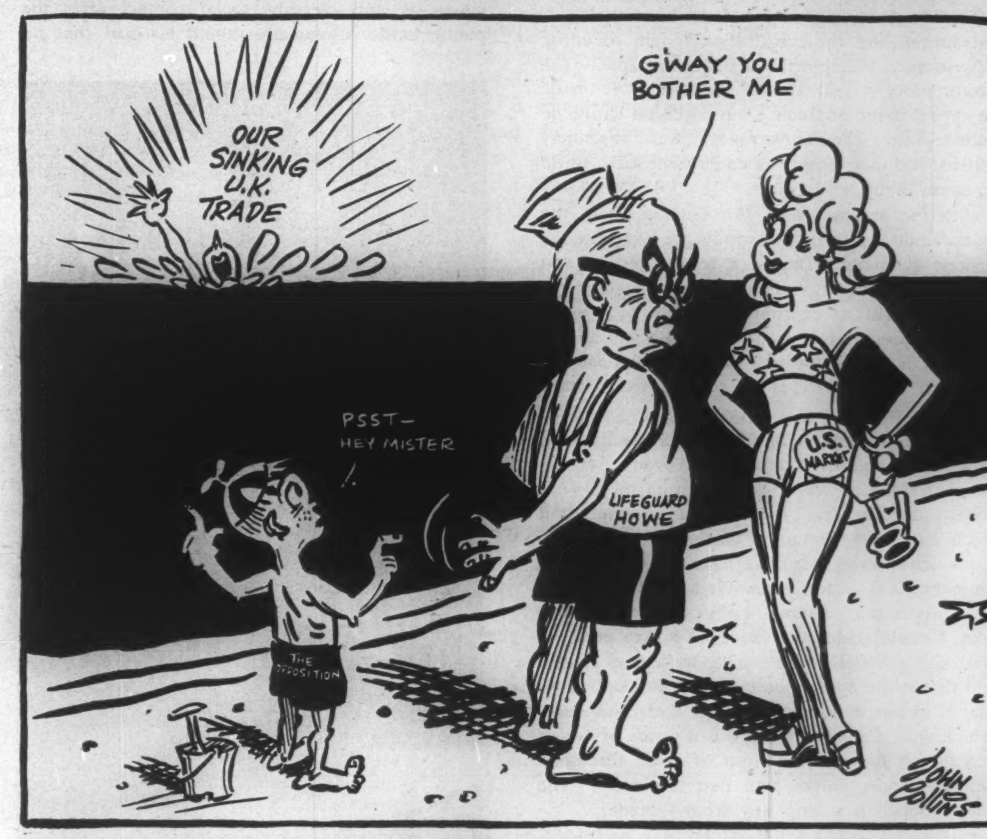
Sombre Prospect for PM's Parley

THE DECISION of the Churchill Government that a full-dress conference of Commonwealth Prime Ministers should attempt to solve the now chronic weakness of sterling confronts every one of them with a challenge which it may or may not have been wise to raise at this time. But the decision having been made the challenge has got to be faced. The Commonwealth Finance Ministers, whose meetings have become almost routine, could meet again in the fall and utter the usual unexceptionable theories. The Prime Ministers can't. They must try to lay down definite proposals, which they can carry into action, for a definitive and permament reversal of sterling's continued deficit. If they cannot conceive the proposals, or worse still cannot carry them into action, the position risks being worse than if they had never met.

The Canadian Government would be naive if it were not fully aware of the British political background to the November conference. But such awareness does not excuse either a neutral or a cynical attitude to it. On the contrary, Mr. St. Laurent faces the same challenge as Mr. Churchill, Mr. Menzies and the other Prime Ministers, even if it is by acquiescence rather than positive action.

The extent of the threat to Canadian prosperity involved in sterling's weakness may be open to debate. But the catastrophic effect on the Western coalition of sterling's final failure would be complete. There are those who will say that the Western coalition is the concern of the United States rather than of Canada. The answer to them is that the United States is already doing more than we are to support sterling; and is making its contribution without one half of the self interest we have in the preservation of the sterling market.

When "neutralism" made a passing appearance on the European continent, Canadians were ready enough to condemn it. European neutralism had infinitely more justification than the most specious pleader can find for Canadian neutralism in the present sterling crisis. It may be tempting in our great expansive prosperity to hold aloof. But it is as inexcusable—because the facts are as much against it—as Mr. Chamberlain's belief that the fate of Czechoslovakia in 1938 was remote from the fate of Britain.



On the Beach at Ottawa

Democracy and Titles

THE IDEA that democracy is somehow mixed up with the names by which people are called is widely prevalent in the United States and occasionally leaks over into Canada, but we should not have expected to find it rampant in Egypt. That progressive democracy has abolished the titles of "Pasha" and "Bey", not, as one might have expected, on the ground that they are a trifle Oriental for a world which gets most of its terminology either from the U.S. or from the USSR, but on the ground that they are undemocratic.

This is a great mistake. The U.S. is full of people with weird Oriental titles, and why the Americans never laid hold on Pasha and Bey we have no idea. It is quite possible that they were not sufficiently honorific for the American taste, for the truth is that both of them are really connected with the function rather than with the descent or social rank of the holder, precisely like the Hon., the Right Hon., the His Excellency and the His Worship of our own highly democratic society. The pashas were originally purely military—as for that matter were also the mediaeval orders of chivalry of the West—and were graded according to the military rank of the holder and the number of horses' tails that he was consequently permitted to display. The highest rank was the Pasha of Three Tails, and the Pasha of Two Tails must have felt something like the ladies to whom the Turkish government used to award the Order of Chastity of the Second Class.

The real explanation of this ultra-democracy is to be found, we fancy, in the fact that in a dictatorship there is room only for one title, that of dictator. The rest of the population are the people, or even worse, the proletariat. If the dictator were to start calling some of them dukes, or beys, or knights, or chevaliers, the whole people might stop thinking of themselves as the proletariat and think of themselves as persons, and that is fatal. When everybody is equal to everybody else it is little trouble to make everybody equal to zero.

Mr. Letellier de St. Just

THE REGARD in which Eustache Letellier de St. Just was held by journalists of both languages in the province of Quebec was testified some years ago by his election to the presidency of the Men's Press Club of Montreal, the first French writer to occupy that office. His sudden death at the age of 58 is a grave loss to Canadian journalism, and particularly to *La Patrie*, the Montreal daily of which he was chief editorial writer. Member of an old and distinguished family, and himself a man of exceptionally broad erudition and gracious personality, he was a perfect example of that bilingual culture which is the finest fruit of the contact of the two races in Quebec.

An associate of Olivar Asselin during the last years of that brilliant journalist's life, and his successor at the editorial desk of *Le Canada*, Mr. Letellier entered the profession under the best of auspices at the close of the first world war, in which he served from its outbreak to 1916. He joined *La Patrie* in 1942, and for some years his lively style has been among that paper's chief assets.

The Nolan Argument

ONE OF the reasons why constitutional law is so fascinating is that there is no limit to the number of angles from which any question can be viewed, and everybody who discusses a constitutional question can have an opinion of his own different from everybody else's. It is entirely conceivable that the nine judges of the Supreme Court of Canada, who have and exercise the right to write separate individual judgments on any case that comes before them, might be completely unanimous in a certain decision and at the same time give nine separate reasons for arriving at it.

The Hon. Mr. Garson and the *Winnipeg Free Press* have been carrying on a vigorous discussion of the decision of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council (whose members incidentally do *not* write separate judgments) in the famous Nolan case. We find it so easy to differ from both the

Free Press and Mr. Garson that we cannot refrain from putting in our oar.

With the contention of the *Free Press* that the Government should not have appealed the case to the Privy Council we have not the slightest sympathy. The case originated before the abolition of that appeal, and the constitutional right of either party to make the appeal was unquestionable. The private party would almost certainly have made the appeal if the Supreme Court decision had gone against him. The Government was absolutely entitled, and in a sense was under obligation, to do the same thing.

With the arguments of Mr. Garson about the undesirability of fortuitous profits we have not the slightest sympathy. This is a legal question and not a moral one. If Parliament gave the Government the right to expropriate barley to prevent fortuitous profits, its reasons were no doubt admirable; but if it did not give that right it does not matter in the least what its reasons would have been if it had.

With the contention of the *Free Press* that the National Emergency Transitional Powers Act did not confer the power of expropriation, because it omitted the express mention of expropriation which had been contained in the War Measures Act which it superseded, we have not the slightest sympathy. It is perfectly possible to confer a power of expropriation without using that word. The Privy Council held that the NETP Act must be construed by itself, with which we agree. It also held that it did confer the power of expropriation. That is in our opinion the nub of the whole question. Eleven Canadian judges in a series of courts held that it did not. Five out of seven Canadian Supreme Court judges held that it did not. The Privy Council is a long way from Canada.

The vital words of the NETP Act are these: "The Governor-in-Council may . . . authorize . . . from time to time such orders . . . as he may, by reason of the continued existence of the national emergency . . . deem necessary or advisable for the purpose of . . . maintaining, controlling and regulating supplies and prices . . . to ensure economic stability and an orderly transition to conditions of peace."

But the order-in-council for the decontrol of barley was not an order deemed necessary or advisable "by reason of the continued existence of the national emergency." It was exactly the opposite; it was an order deemed necessary and advisable because of the disappearance of the national emergency, for the purpose of getting out of the system of controls and regulations which the emergency had made necessary. That, we believe, was the dominating consideration in the minds of the Canadian judges who decided against the Government. We in Canada like to have our emergencies cut down to their lowest limits. The Privy Council, which invented the emergency doctrine for us (and goodness knows what we would have done without it!), doesn't care how long they last or how much power they confer on our Governments. And neither do our Governments.

The Red Cross Conference

A CHAIRMAN who can be firm when necessary but who also has the understanding to give wide scope to conflicting viewpoints is a great asset at an international conference. John Alexander MacAulay of Winnipeg took on one of the most difficult tasks in recent years when he was elected chairman of the eighteenth International Red Cross Conference. It was a tribute to his good sense that in the midst of the sharply drawn lines of debate, the chairman retained the respect of both the Russian group and the democracies.

The Red Cross Conference brought to Canada for the first time an international meeting featuring the present style of uninhibited debate in many languages and pleasant social contact after the public battle. Canadians should be glad that no legislation like the McCarran act makes the holding of international conferences difficult, if not impossible, in this country.

—Gilbert Milne

MR. JOHN ALEXANDER MacAULAY

If, unfortunately, the world remains in such a state of division that public debate sometimes becomes public insult, there is no reason why the rudeness of the platform should be extended to rudeness in other contacts. The Russians, the Chinese, the North Koreans have been guests of Canada and there were times when we felt that this was sometimes forgotten by the press.

The Canadian Red Cross made the arrangements for the conference in record time and Red Cross officials remembered throughout the meeting their position as hosts. For the first time in the whole history of Red Cross conferences the Royal York Hotel offered under one roof space for all the meetings and rooms for all the delegates.

Building a Tradition

IN SUCCESSIVE wars Canadian men have shown a ready and growing adaptability for service as first-class troops; in the first German war young Canada acquired wings and fought with distinction and gallantry; it took the second German war to establish a full-fledged and equally brilliant tradition at sea. A phenomenon of this latter conflict was the way the land-locked citizens of the great plains took to the mighty seas with all the élan and confidence of their coastal brothers.

On the cold Atlantic waters, during the years 1939-45, a lasting comradeship was built between men and the ships in which they served; a full meed of honor was won by both through grim determination and in the heat of action. Now the Royal Canadian Navy is saying good-bye to an old and trusted friend. HMCS *Assiniboine*, river class destroyer of immortal fame, has gone to the ship breakers. Officers and men, now scattered across the land, will silently recall the proud ship of former days.

HMCS *Assiniboine* brought distinction to Canada, to herself, to her long list of able commanders and to all ranks and ratings who served. She is part and parcel of a great sea tradition—now a Canadian tradition — of devotion and unflagging loyalty and service.

The New War on Rust

WHEAT stem rust, the old enemy of western farmers though now in a new form, will curtail crop values in Western Canada this year. It is not so long ago that it was believed plant pathologists had won a multi-million dollar victory and ended the rust threat for all time. But rust seems to be one of the most persistent scourges nature has provided. A new type—Race 15B—developed in Mexico and Texas and none of the old resistant strains were resistant to the new menace.

So the battle has started all over again. A new cross with considerable resistance will be released to selected growers next year but it is a slow process building up a wheat variety which meets milling, baking and other tests and getting it available in sufficient quantities to provide seed.

Canada owes much to the pathologists who have been so patient over so many years providing wheat to meet one danger after another.

The development of new rust strains points to the problem bacteriologists are facing in attacking disease with the new antibiotics. In some instances strains of bacteria resistant to penicillin and other antibiotics are being found. Whether they are new strains, or hardy bacteria which resisted the antibiotics from the first and have since multiplied, is a point yet to be settled. Scientists in all fields of endeavor, have to be patient men.

Accurate Interpretation

IT ISN'T perhaps quite fair to go back and look at what writers on political affairs have said. The obvious reason is that politics, dealing with people, and therefore so many imponderables, are so fluid. However, we did go back and look up what one of our contributors wrote on the American scene.

L. L. L. Golden, who for many years, under the pen name of *Politicus* covered the Ottawa and Queen's Park scene for us, has been doing pieces for us from New York on the political events in the United States. His score has been quite remarkable.

In the issue of SATURDAY NIGHT, dated March 29, there appears an article entitled "It's Not in the Bag for Ike". It was written after the sweeping victory for General Eisenhower in the New Hampshire primary and pointed out how difficult it would be for the NATO commander to win the Republican convention. And that at a time when so many commentators, Americans at that, were sure it was a "shoo-in" for Eisenhower.

As to the Democrats—in the issue of April 26—when it was generally agreed by most commentators that Governor Stevenson of Illinois was definitely out of the race our Mr. Golden wrote as follows: "This distance from the convention it looks as if the best bet would be Governor Stevenson. And if, in Truman's mind he is the one who can most likely win he will be asked to change his mind about not running."

PURITANISM, SEX, SPIES

Life Among the Muscovites

by B. K. Sandwell

IF THE nature of Russia and the Stalin system is still not fully understood in the Western World, it is not because there are too few books about it, but because there are too many. Yet the picture that they draw is very much the same no matter who is the author. It is a picture of a nation of people possessing, on the general average, more than the usual supply of charming qualities, but both inhibited and prohibited from displaying those qualities in their relations with anybody who comes from the wicked capitalist world.

Lydia Kirk, wife of the just-retired U.S. ambassador to the Kremlin, kept a diary of her stay in that capital (from which even an Ambassador and his family are not allowed to depart without very special permission and a host of "guards" and watchers) which has all the air of being a genuinely private record intended mainly for her children, and scarcely doctored at all for public consumption: "Postmarked Moscow", (Saunders, $4).

One of the most distressing aspects of Moscow life is the almost total inability to get repairs done, not merely for ambassadors but for everybody, and the universal tendency to let things run down. Mrs. Kirk went to a performance of a new Ukrainian opera about life on a *kolkhoz:* "The music is dreadful and the libretto very bad indeed. The most impassioned scene took place in a wheat field. The curtain went up to show the heroine laid out on top of a haystack. 'At last,' we thought, 'a little bit of sex,' but as the hero drew near and glimpsed her lying in the sun, he plucked a paper from his bosom and burst into song—not at all a love song, but a detailed exposition of the new dam and the power plant to be built, the sluice gates, the gushing water, the mighty creative power of the Russian people." There seems to be a good deal of puritanism about a new faith in its early stages, and Marxism is in many respects a new faith.

EVERYTHING in "Postmarked Moscow" is confirmed by "Moscow Close-Up", which is by Harold Laycock (Ryerson, $2.25), and is the story of an editor of a British Russian-language newspaper whose fate was a precursor of what happened a little later to the American adventure of the same kind. Russia does not want Russian-language papers published by non-Communists. Mr. Laycock and his wife saw things from a slightly lower level than Mrs. Kirk, but the result is the same. It is however pleasant to learn that the Muscovites are exceedingly fond of naughty stories, children, pets and flowers.

"My Friend Vassia" by Jean Rouault (Clarke Irwin, $3.50) is the story of a Communist from France who was in Rumania when the Russians arrived and eventually found himself in a coal-mine in Russia. It was a mix-up, but mix-ups happen in an authoritative régime. Except that his contacts were at a considerably lower level than those of the other two books the picture is astonishingly the same. A special feature is the astounding resilience with which both men and women adapted themselves to the régime of the forced labor camp, and the astounding resignation with which they accepted defeat and death when they became inevitable. Some of the author's reflections on the Russian character accord with the verdict of history: "The Russians are above and below humanity . . . They want intoxication. There again they know no limits. Drunk with vodka, drunk with ambition, drunk with their own strength, drunk with humility."

"My Uncle Joe" by Budu Svanidze, a nephew of Stalin (British Book Service, $2.50) is a picture of a special kind of Russian, possibly not to be considered Russian at all—the people of Georgia. Having a language of their own and being very clannish, they are to a large extent ruling Russia today. The author was an insider of the party until, being sent after World War II to an important post in Hungary, he fell in love with a Hungarian Catholic girl whom he would never be allowed to bring into Russia; so he applied for leave of absence and will not return.

THERE is much light on Stalin's third, and most political, marriage, and on the motivation of Stalin's actions in the great purges. There is also a statement that the relic in Lenin's tomb is no longer the actual body, which was inadequately embalmed, but a statue made by a group of sculptors selected by Beria. The author commendably refrains from theorizing about the political structure of which Stalin is the head and the chief designer, and confines himself to narrative. He can hardly have remembered verbatim all the conversations he reports, but they sound very natural and are probably essentially true.

Bernard Newman's "Soviet Atomic Spies" (Ryerson, $3.75) is a highly competent English account of all that has come to light in various countries of the workings of the Soviet espionage system. It is a manufactured book, by a man with 70 books to his credit, but it is extremely well assembled from innumerable sources, among which none is more important than the Canadian Royal Commission. Fascinating reading for its romantic

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quality, it is also characterized by good judgment in its evaluation of these sources. For example, the author states that he has, with one exception, refrained from using the material of the Un-American Activities Committee, "whose methods scarcely commend themselves to liberal democrats."

And in "The Bolshevik Revolution 1917-1923" (Macmillan, $6.50) Professor E. H. Carr gives us the second instalment of his history of how Russia came to be what it now is. This volume, which unfortunately will have to await the final volume before being indexed, brings us up to the physical weakening of Lenin and the tentative beginnings of the struggle for power which was to follow. It is of course the classic text on the subject, which in this volume is the difficulties of the transition from wartime communism to the more exacting tasks of organizing communism for peace.

OTTAWA VIEW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

too vulnerable to cuts. Some of the metals are on long-term contracts, and even if they weren't they seem to be as necessary for the British export drive as for the rearmament program. The most vulnerable part of our exports is in the remaining one-quarter to one-third, in which much the biggest item is lumber. This is where we seem most likely to be hurt in the immediate future, and much will depend on whether U.S. house-building and other civilian building keeps up.

The more general view here is that we can support some reduction in our overseas exports without checking the general rise in the expansion of the economy. Some increase in sales to the U.S. and to other areas like Latin America should compensate next year for any losses in sterling sales. If this forecast is about right, next winter's problem will be the familiar one of "spotty" unemployment. If more people are out of jobs at the seasonal peak of unemployment, more people will be in jobs too.

This assumes that the consumer-goods industries continue their present revival and that defence production keeps up (as it is bound to). The capital investment is already higher than last year, and will soon get an extra fillip. The deferred depreciation provision of the 1951 budget was included as an anti-inflationary measure to check non-essential expansion of plant. It is no longer appropriate to the present circumstances. When it comes off (probably at the end of the year) business will be able to start on plant expansions which have been delayed because depreciation could not be charged until four years after the new assets were acquired.

Taking it all round, therefore, the Government's approach to the sterling conferences will be more concerned with the long-run anxiety to establish a strong Britain than with any short-run anxiety about Canada's position.

When the Government started selling off its stock of canned pork at 40 cents a pound it knew that it wouldn't be able to sell it all in Canada. One of the organizations negotiating for a bulk contract was CARE, the charitable organization which collects millions of dollars every year for food parcels. It started out as "Cooperative for American Remittances to Europe", but has now been renamed "Cooperative for American Remittance to Everywhere" because it has adopted Asia too.

CARE is now a sizeable operation. It has distributed more than $140 million worth of goods, all financed by charitable donations. It collects throughout "the Americas". Canadians have contributed $4 million, but Brazil has given as much. It makes a point of seeing that its purchases in Canada match or exceed Canadian donations.

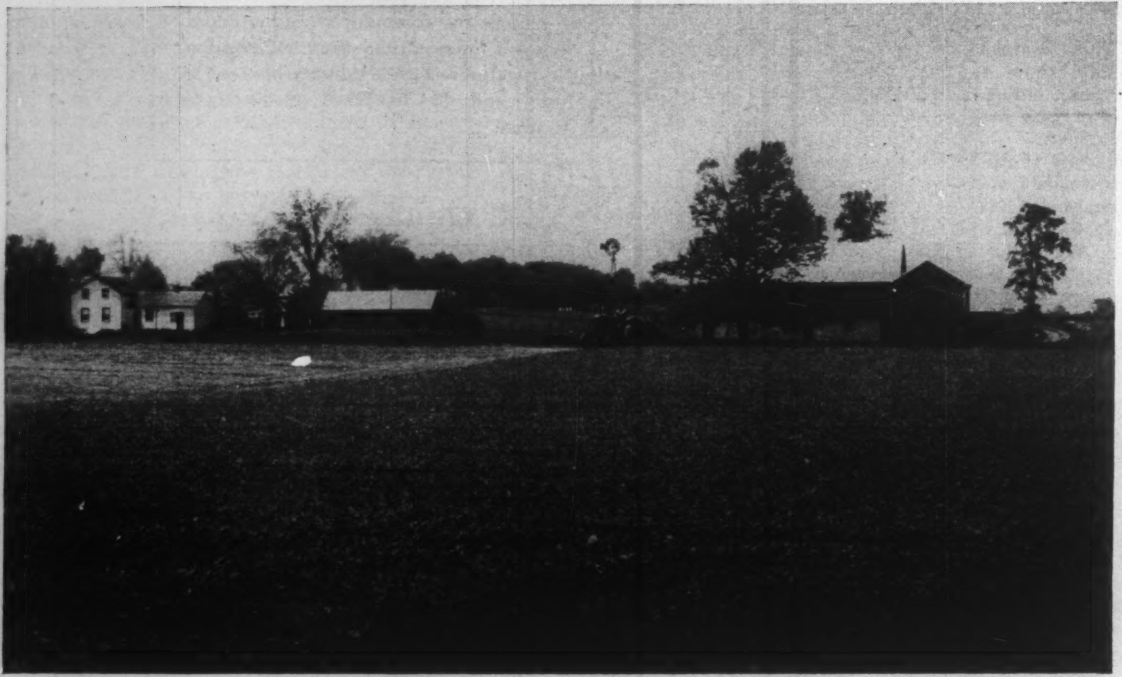
The Canadian Government is losing something over 20 cents a pound on the canned pork selling at 40 cents.

The New Zealand beef deal is now at a critical point. The first cargoes of New Zealand frozen beef reached New York early this month. Total shipments are now expected to amount to about 60 millions lbs; so that is the amount of beef we can ship to the United Kingdom. 45 million lbs. of it has already gone. But the Government loss on it cannot be computed till we know what we can get for the New Zealand beef in the U.S.

The next beef crisis will be in the fall when the Western cattle have to come in off the ranges. No one dares to hope that the U.S. embargo will be off by that time.

every Canadian benefits when farmers are prosperous

Farm families constitute one-fifth of the home market for all the various goods and services produced by Canadian workers in factories, mills, mines, railways, stores and offices. The 1951 census showed a total of 2,827,732 people in Canada whose entire income is derived from farming . . . more than the combined populations of Quebec City, Ottawa, Toronto, Winnipeg, Regina, Edmonton and Vancouver. Their needs and "wants" are exactly the same as those of urban dwellers.



When farmers are prosperous, these 2,827,732 people have money in their pockets to buy the things they want. They spend freely, in country stores, city stores, mail order houses. The stores, in turn, step up their orders for supplies, which keeps factories humming, keeps trains and trucks rolling, creates new jobs, fills pay envelopes. Anything that affects the buying power of these 2,827,732 farm people, favorably or unfavorably, is quickly reflected in every other industry.

Massey-Harris presents these points for consideration by urban people in their appraisal of plans and programmes which are aimed to promote the welfare and advancement of Canadian agriculture. Good crops, good markets, and prices that yield a fair return, are essential to continuing prosperity . . . not only of farm people but of every Canadian from coast to coast.

MASSEY-HARRIS

A CANADIAN COMPANY WITH A WORLD-WIDE ORGANIZATION

—Canadian Press

JUDGES OF THE SUPREME COURT OF CANADA: From left, Mr. Justice J. Wilfred Estey; Mr. Justice Ivan C. Rand; Mr. Justice Patrick Kerwin; the Chief Justice, Rt. Hon. Thibaudeau Rinfret; Mr. Justice Robert Taschereau; Mr. Justice Roy Kellock, and Mr. Justice Charles Locke.

The Supreme Court: Liberty's Safeguard

It has only been "supreme" in criminal cases since 1935, in civil and constitutional since 1949. Now it is building confidence and trust

by B. K. Sandwell

THE SUPREME COURT of Canada is not only the final deciding authority in Canada on the meaning and validity of all Canadian law—an authority whose decisions no other body can revise—but it also possesses one of the newest and most magnificent buildings in Ottawa. Yet hardly anybody even goes into that building to observe its proceedings. An Ottawa journalist recently stated that the public gallery usually contains from one to five people.

The chances are that if there are five, two of them will be Americans, belonging to a nation with a tremendous respect both for Supreme Courts and for magnificent buildings. Hardly anybody visits Washington in term without visiting the Supreme Court of the United States, which has also a new and magnificent building, but has a far more commodious place for the respectful public and a far better audience. It seems a pity that Canadians do not know more about the workings of their own Supreme Court, because in many ways it is the most important body in the country.

Moreover it may be very urgently needed as the chief guardian of the liberty of the subject against the tyranny of the legislators; and if it does not enjoy a proper measure of respect among the subjects it will have a hard time to perform that function effectively.

There is a current of opinion today which maintains that legislators ought not to be much trammeled by the necessity of conforming to what a body of judges happens to think is the constitution.

The same current of opinion was very visible in Canada a few months ago, when the Canadian Supreme Court decided against the government in the Nolan case. It finds its highest manifestation today in the Union of South Africa, where the Government is asking Parliament to declare itself a Super-Supreme Court which by a mere majority vote can override a decision of the South African Supreme Court and amend a section of the S.A. constitution which clearly states that it can be amended only by a two-thirds vote in each House separately.

South Africa is a unitary state; it has no provinces, and no division of sovereignty between two different kinds of authority. Canada is in no danger of permitting Parliament to arrogate to itself any such power as this, for to do so would make it supreme over the rights of the provinces. We have a long way to travel before that could happen.

But it is just as well to remember that the legislative and executive powers of the provinces are now the only part of the constitution which Parliament cannot amend by bare majority vote in each of the two Houses, and it is of the first importance that they should be protected from invasion, and protected by a body entirely free of association with either the provincial or the Dominion authority, and enjoying the greatest possible measure of public confidence.

THE SUPREME Court is in the difficult position of having to build up that confidence for itself by its actions over a period of years. It has only been a real, final, Supreme Court for a short time—since 1935 in criminal cases, since 1949 in civil and constitutional. So long as the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council could reverse it, Canadians could not be expected to pay it any reverential attention. (It is unfortunate that the decision in the Nolan case, which originated before 1949 and could therefore be taken to the Privy Council, has been reversed in London, along with those of several lower courts in Canada to the same effect, for the Ottawa decision appears to have been a much better one, and was certainly based on a much better understanding of the nature of the Canadian Act of Parliament which had to be interpreted.)

I. Norman Smith of the *Ottawa Journal* recently looked over the nine gentlemen (there is nothing to prevent a lady sitting among them, but she never has) who give these final and irrevocable decisions, and found them good. They are, however, over-individualistic; they like to write concurring judgments endorsing the decision of the writer of the main judgment but giving different reasons, a practice which distresses lawyers because it prevents them from knowing what the court as a whole thinks the law to be.

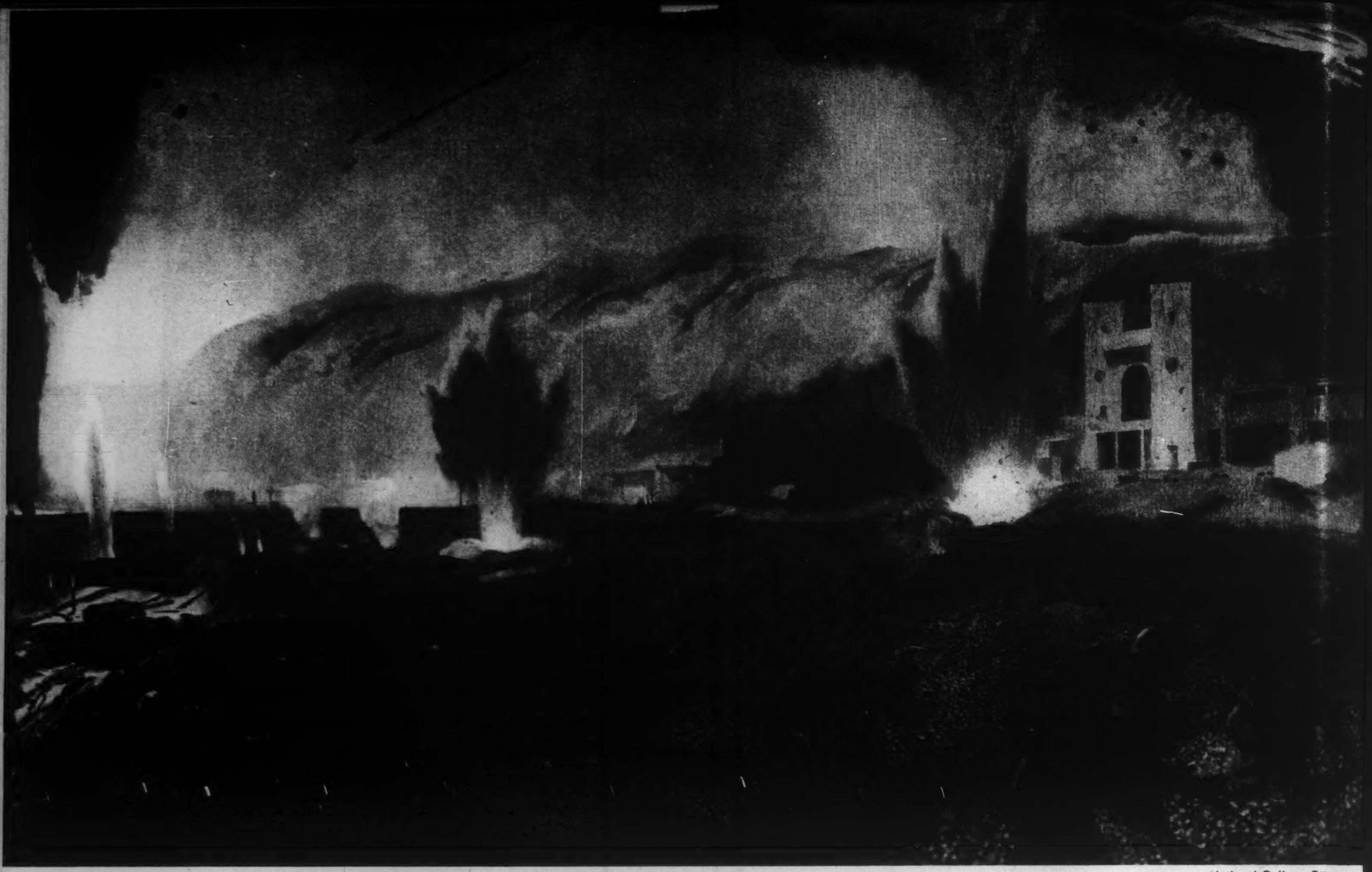
They are accused by some lawyers of being unduly deferential to past Privy Council decisions, and by others of being recklessly unregardful of them; these accusations obviously cancel out, and anyhow they are not really accusations at all. So long as there was an appeal to the Privy Council, the decision of that body settled the meaning of the Canadian law, and the Canadian court should neither set out to disturb that settled meaning, nor allow it to have too much weight in determining new meanings on points which the Privy Council has not expressly dealt with.

There is certainly no disposition in the Court to be reverential to Privy Council decisions which do not deal with Canadian law. Mr. Norman Smith says he was himself present when the Chief Justice interrupted counsel to say: "You are citing English cases, Mr. Dorion. This is the Supreme Court of Canada and has been the final court of appeal in criminal matters since 1935. Why don't you cite Canadian cases in support of your contention?"

Great Britain, unlike Canada, has of course no written constitution for courts to interpret, and the British Parliament is in theory competent to enact anything. The concentration of this power in the House of Commons, consequent on the whittling away during this century of the powers and influence of both the Crown and the Lords, has caused some alarm even among British thinkers, and Lord Radcliffe in the Reith Lectures of last year (a broadcast series which has since been published) expressed a strong sense of danger because there exists in Britain no appeal against the vote of a possibly unrepresentative majority in the Commons, and no institution which can safeguard the "fundamental rights". The British, he says, "have formed the habit of praising their institutions, which are sometimes inept, and of ignoring the character of their race, which is often superb. In the end they will be in danger of losing their character and being left with their institutions: a result disastrous indeed."

LORD RADCLIFFE, who is one of the most eminent of British jurists, paid a great tribute to the American constitution, and to the American Supreme Court as its interpreter as "the most effective barrier against the encroachments of power that has been thrown up by the political science of the modern world." There is a sharp division, in these days, between those who think that power cannot be dangerous if it is in the hands of people who were elected by the voters, and those who think that too much power is dangerous in the hands of anybody.

To those Canadians who still think that power can be dangerous, the Supreme Court is the most important body in the land.



CHARLES COMFORT, AN OFFICIAL WAR ARTIST IN THE EUROPEAN THEATRE, VISUALIZED THE LANDING AT DIEPPE. —National Gallery, Ottawa

Dieppe: Canada's Costliest Day

Controversy continues ten years after over action that through failure changed the whole tactical planning of later invasions

by Ross Munro

TEN YEARS AGO next Tuesday, August 19, the Canadians raided Dieppe. It was the most costly eight hours of battle that Canadian soldiers experienced in the second world war and it remains today the most controversial single Canadian engagement of the conflict.

There is little that can be praised about the raid itself, except the courage of the men of the 2nd division who went to France that bright summer morning thinking it would be a pushover, only to plunge into a grotesque and bloody maelstrom. Yet nobody who knows the full story has ever publicly panned the operation outright and written it off as a worthless blunder.

I don't think anyone can hang a firm tag on Dieppe. True, it was an utter tactical failure. We lost half the Canadian force of 5,000 that went into the beaches. Only a few hundred of those who got ashore were able to give any really effective battle to the enemy. For the majority, it quickly became a straight struggle for survival. Practically everything went wrong that could go wrong. It was almost a complete "snafu" from the viewpoint of gaining objectives and doing what was intended in the over-elaborate plan.

Yet, the outcome of the raid did jolt the allied high command into full realization that assault landings from the sea must be supported by enormous fire power, that fortified ports on the enemy coast could not be overrun merely by surprise attacks by audacious forces, and that a lot more study had to be given to the technique of combined operations on a large scale.

I've often wondered, though, why the high command didn't know the principal answers to these questions without the necessity of learning them at the cost of a couple of thousand Canadian soldiers. But it didn't. Yet Dieppe did compel the high command to switch to other tactics in invasion planning and quickly adopt realistic policies which produced success in every subsequent major assault landing from North Africa and Sicily to Normandy. Never again was there a frontal attack from the sea on a fortified port. The ports were pinched off from the flanks.

General H. D. G. Crerar, Commander of the First Canadian Army, put it this way in 1944: "I believe that when this war is examined in proper perspective, it will be seen that the sobering influence of that operation on existing allied strategic concepts, with the enforced realization by the allied governments of the lengthy and tremendous preparations necessary before invasion could be attempted, was a Canadian contribution of the greatest significance to final victory."

But I still get hot under the collar when I remember that the British war office and combined operations HQ which drafted the Dieppe plan—the Canadians only carried it out with little opportunity to alter it—didn't in 1942 seem to have enough basic knowledge of the realities of assaults from the sea to recognize that the operation as laid down was practically impossible to achieve.

LOOKING back on it now over these years, it seems to me to have been an incredibly risky task, with only a gambler's chance of success. Yet in June, 1942, everyone concerned threw themselves almost blithely into the preparations, never doubting for a moment that it could be pulled off.

I recall when they finally told us the full plan. Intelligence reports indicated that Dieppe was "not heavily defended." Only one low-category German battalion was supposed to be garrisoning the port. We referred to the job ahead as a "piece of cake."

But on the actual attack, while there was only one infantry battalion in Dieppe itself, there was another battalion in positions on the flanks and a

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ROSS MUNRO, *now with the* Vancouver Province, *covered the Dieppe raid for The Canadian Press and reported every invasion in which Canadians were involved.*

regiment of artillery as well. Besides, the defence guns were much better sited and dug-in than intelligence ever calculated. One of the big mistakes in planning was this underestimation of the strength of the defences. The planners also underestimated the immense value of the topography of the Dieppe area to the Germans. The two great headlands rearing up on both sides of the town provided positions from which the enemy could look down the rifle barrels of the Canadians. Fire from these headlands, which was never reduced to any extent, was the cause of the greatest of our trouble.

A good many people at the time felt that Russian pressure for a second front had led to the decision to throw in the 2nd division as an allied sop to Moscow, with a half-chance that the raid might come off. But historians who have delved deeply into all available documents can find no solid evidence that Stalin had any direct connection with the project.

The raid, however, had an immediate relationship to the allied strategic program, for in April, 1942, during the Churchill-Marshall-Hopkins conference in London, it was agreed that major raids should be part of the allied policy of that year. Dieppe was it.

Right after the raid, I was puzzled why the operation wasn't a bigger disaster than it was, why the entire force wasn't wiped out. If the German spies in England had been on their toes, this probably would have happened. The Germans in Dieppe and along the coast would have been ready for us with torpedo boats, bombers, fighters and massed infantry and guns. But the closest investigation by Col. Charles Stacey, chief of the historical section of NDHQ, Ottawa, leads him to the conclusion that "nothing is clearer than that the Germans had no warning. Their records are complete and contain no indication of this whatever."

THE GERMANS were really slow on the draw about this, for there were opportunities for enemy agents in towns in the south of England to pick up enough information about the raid to piece together the main intent. This is the background: the original attack was supposed to be made in early July, 1942. For nearly a week, we were penned up on assault ships in the Solent off Southampton, ready to strike across the channel. Everyone had been briefed fully about the raid. Five thousand men knew the target and the whole story. But this deal had to be called off. The weather was rotten. So the 2nd division went back to its troop camps around the south of England towns. And there were officers and men who talked.

It would have been a miracle if nobody had chattered in a pub about the great exploit which the weather had cheated them of. I heard Dieppe mentioned indiscreetly a number of times in public with British civilians around, but of course the Canadians all thought the operation was off for good. General Montgomery himself had recommended that the operation should be "off for all time" after the cancellation.

If German agents had ever overheard this loose talk, the enemy on the Brittany coast would have been secretly alerted in full strength against the possibility of another attempt. And when the operation was suddenly relaunched in mid-August, there was the deepest anxiety among the senior officers that there might have been a leak and that the enemy might be waiting with everything they had. Consequently, there wasn't the same high enthusiasm for the operation on the night of August 18-19 as we moved into the channel.

But the German intelligence in England throughout the war was unbelievably bad. This time it ran true to form. No tipoff on Dieppe was given the Germans in France by agents in England.

The only development that could have alerted the garrison in Dieppe before the landing was the chance interception of a British commando force on our left flank by some small German gunboats. The resulting battle in the night, along with another brisk exchange of small arms fire between the landing craft I was riding in with the Royal Regiment from Toronto and what looked like more enemy craft, could have stirred the garrison to readiness.

But Col. Stacey, who from his long researches knows more about the Dieppe show than anyone now, concludes that the sea fight didn't result in any general loss of the element of surprise and it is questionable whether it affected the main operation one way or the other.

There are some Dieppe veterans who think the raid should have been called off when the sea fight took place. Such a decision was provided for in the plan. But as it turned out, the naval commander of the landing craft group that was intercepted couldn't wireless the situation to headquarters destroyer because his communications were shattered in the action. And even if he had been able to do this, it would have been impossible at that late hour to recall the scores of small landing craft moving the last few miles to France.

One of the chief reasons for the subsequent turmoil on the beaches was the failure of the navy to get many of the landing craft to the shore on time and under cover of darkness, which was completely basic to obtaining surprise on which the entire raid was founded.

In this connection, I was an eye-witness to the most tragic single episode of the raid—the efforts of the Royals to get over the seawall and up the narrow gulch at Puys, immediately to the east of Dieppe. To this day, I still get flashes of horror at the memory of hundreds of Royals piling up on the slope in the deafening tumult of gunfire in a vain effort to break through to the cluster of houses ahead. Only two platoons of German infantry blocked their way. But the Royals had been landed late. It was broad daylight when my own landing craft nosed on the shale. Our men didn't have a ghost of a chance. The enemy fire flailed down on them. Only 53 of us, out of a combat battalion of 600, got back to England and most of the 53 were wounded.

There were delays, too, on the main beach right in front of the town. The tanks of the Calgary Regiment, which were fundamental weapons in the plan to blast the infantry into the town itself, were late being landed. The Essex Scottish and the Royal Hamilton Light Infantry were for the most part pinned down along the seawall by the esplanade.

Another plan backfired when no breaches were made in the concrete roadblocks at the entrance to the streets of the town and this prevented any clear exits being made for the tanks from the beach into the town. The tanks were supposed to strike right into the heart of Dieppe when the roadblocks had been blown. But the tanks were confined in the operation to the main beach.

THE OVERALL plan itself was far too ambitious. In a comparatively few hours, the seven Canadian regiments were supposed to capture the town completely, set up defence perimeters to the south, east and west against enemy counter-attack by forces distant from Dieppe, capture the German divisional headquarters at Argues-la-Bataille, a couple of miles south of the town, overrun an airfield near there, and then stage a complicated withdrawal movement.

In the interval between landing and withdrawing, a series of objectives, which now seem fantastically impractical and serve to underline my contention that there was a sad lack of realism in the planning, were allotted our men.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 39

—Dept. of Nat'l. Defence

THE PRELUDE: Canadian troops in landing craft start in towards the beach. Though the raid had been postponed once, the element of surprise remained—also in spite of a sea-skirmish just before zero-hour.

THE AFTERMATH: Tanks and landing craft strew the Dieppe beach. This German's-eye-view was used extensively in propaganda leaflets that were dropped on the U.K. Note "Calgary" on the stranded tank *(rt.)*

—Dept. of Nat'l. Defence

Touring the "Club Date" Circuit

Canada's vaudevillians have a long and lucrative season; from their ranks will come our TV and movie entertainers

by Max Braithwaite

EVERY YEAR about this time there is a big whoop and holler about who is going to get a bite of Canada's juiciest show business plum: the CNE grandstand performance. Many people feel that instead of bringing in headliners from the U.S. (Olson and Johnson, Danny Kaye, Jimmy Durante *et al*) Canada's biggest show should feature Canadian acts. Others, who purport to be wiser in the ways of show business, scoff at this and say that since there never has been much vaudeville here we just haven't the stage talent from which to draw.

These last mentioned have either never heard of, or are ignoring, the hundreds of professional comedians, singers, dancers, magicians, acrobats and other entertainers who are working steady in the "Club Date Circuit". This is the circuit that includes smokers, conventions, sales meetings, garden parties, fall fairs and so on. Most of the engagements are one-night stands, often the stage is a rough plank platform under the stars, but the entertainment is professional and of such a high standard that it sends U.S. convention visitors home shaking their heads in wonderment.

George Taggart, one of the more than 30 Canadian agents booking live talent, stated recently that, "there is more opportunity and more money to be made in the live entertainment business in Canada right now than there is in radio." He claims that there are at least 150 acts in Toronto alone who are doing well and a dozen who are making a killing.

Take diminutive, puckish Doug Romaine, for instance. Doug is usually billed as "Canada's leading comedian" and he probably has as good a right to that title as anybody. Doug is versatile, active, likable and downright funny. He can walk onto a stage in front of an audience made up of high-school kids or women's clubbers or travelling salesmen and with no more props than a soft felt hat he carries in his pocket keep them in stitches for a half hour. He is a master pantomimist, can imitate anything from a speeding motor car to a canary and can sing like Al Jolson.

Like all Club Date performers, Doug will accept any job anywhere at any time and often fills two or three engagements in one evening. One night last year he took on four: a Masonic stag in Oakville, Ont., at 6.30; a gathering of salesmen and their wives in the Vanity Fair Room of Toronto's King Edward Hotel at 9.00; a graduation exercise in the North Lea Public School in Leaside at 10.00; and a formal dance at the Toronto Hunt Club at 11.30. This called for some pretty close timing, several changes in his act, and a lot of work, but it put $150 into the comedian's pocket.

The rates are set by the American Guild of Variety Artists (the AF of L union to which all the big timers and most of the small timers belong) at a minimum of $15 for a single and $25 for a double.

One of the most popular double acts in the business are the Video-ettes (Mabel and Art Guinness) who specialize in Swiss bell ringing, but can coax music out of saws, bottles and just about anything else you can think of. The Video-ettes are booked up about four months in advance the year round, often play two or three engagements in a single evening, and receive fees ranging from $40 to $500 per performance. They vary their act to suit the audience. At church garden parties, where most of the seats are filled with hot-dog-clutching kids, they play tunes on balloons, saws, teapots and bottles. At the swank Royal York concert hall, entertaining a couple of thousand convention guests, they stick to the Swiss bell-ringing act, get a couple from the audience and teach them to play "Pistol Packin' Mamma" with the bells.

Last fall the Video-ettes were contestants on Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scout show in New York. They didn't cop first prize but just getting on the show is considered a triumph for any act.

On the same bill with the Video-ettes you will often see Zeena Cheevers, perhaps the best-known dancer currently playing the "circuit". Zeena has played night clubs in Vancouver, Toronto, Montreal, Atlantic City and New York. She has also played the Newcastle Rotary Club, the Whitby Lion's Club, the Brockville Kiwanis Club and just about every community hall and hotel concert hall in Eastern Canada. Zeena, who includes in her repertoire acrobatic, tap and Spanish dancing along with Indian club and baton swinging, makes about as much as professional hockey players.

—Warner Bros.

DOUG ROMAINE, Toronto comedian who makes the club-date circuit, signed for 12 months TV.

For many Europeans Canada has become the show-business bonanza. Six years ago 23-year-old, lanky, ambitious Billy Meek arrived in Toronto from Edinburgh with nothing but a few tired comic routines and a thick Scottish accent. At first he had audiences yawning in their seats. But he completely revamped his act, put on a porkpie hat, introduced new musical novelties and now he is turning down as many engagements as he accepts. Many people consider him to be as funny as any comedian they have seen. He has played the Casino, which books nothing but the top vaudeville acts of the continent including Victor Borge, Dick Haymes, Harpo Marx and other stars. He has bought a home for himself and his parents, who have a Punch and Judy act of their own, and owns two cars. "It's a miracle," he says with stars in his eyes, "how a man can start with nothing and go so far in five years."

There are a lot of oldtimers still in the business, too. Jack Ayre, who played piano in silent theatres before World War I and later became musical director for the famous Dumbells, is making a comfortable living leading orchestras and doing arrangements for other musicians in the Club Date Circuit. Charlie Jeeves and Pat Rafferty have an act. Up until recently Harry Binns, the golden-voiced tenor of the Dumbells, who now runs a restaurant in Brampton, Ont., could be heard at the larger garden parties.

Club Date entertainers are troupers in the grand old tradition. They are ready for all kinds of conditions—and get them. At fall fairs they usually perform on an outdoor platform in competition with squealing kids, whining merry-go-round and gravel-voiced barkers not to mention yapping dogs and bawling cattle. Many acts are put on from the back of a truck. At smokers and dinners the stage often consists of a two-by-four clearing at one end of the room. Often the piano is at the other end and can't be moved. Sometimes they stand on chairs and even on top of the piano.

More often than not the accommodation for changing costume is small and dirty, if it exists at all. Zeena Cheevers who must carry hundreds of dollars worth of costumes with her on every show also carries a supply of old newspapers to spread around on the dressing-room floor to protect them.

AUDIENCES vary from night to night. Pat McIntosh, a pudgy comedian with 40 years in show business, recently worked an Air Force Club smoker in an Ontario city. The boys were high and happy and insisted upon the kind of songs and stories that men usually insist upon when they are high and happy. Pat gave it to them and they loved him. The next night Pat played before 40 middle-aged ladies for whom he did a nice whimsical comic song called "Oh Mr. McPherson", rendered a couple of sentimental Irish ballads and did a soldier skit with a broad Lancashire accent. They also loved him.

Smokers and dinners are the toughest to play. As Sid Lorraine, one of the country's more than 200 professional magicians, put it: "The audience is stuffed with food and drink and tired to death of speeches. We have to make them laugh." And Sid does, with a novelty magic act in which he imitates a street-corner pitchman selling a magic cure-all called Frasnia. Often the entertainment committee is sitting behind him (always tough for a magician) and occasionally there is a know-it-all drunk in the first row. The waiters usually seize upon this precise moment to start clearing away dishes and moving tables. On one occasion an eager committeeman even started hustling raffle tickets right in the middle of Sid's act. "I fixed him all right," Sid grinned. "I pretended that he was part of the act and that his draw was as phony as Frasnia."

Sid and others who can do character parts are often hired as "gag" speakers for conventions, banquets and the like. Introduced as visiting experts they start off seriously enough, but gradually mix in all sorts of ridiculous nonsense until the audience "catches on." One such speaker at a club that prides itself on its patriotic British sentiment took the straight Communist line and was almost mobbed. Another entertainer makes a

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SUMMER THEATRE

Bumper Straw Hat Crop

by Margaret Ness

BIRTHDAY candles flickered in three Canadian summer theatres this year. In Vancouver, producers Stuart Baker and Thor Arngrim blew out the single candle at Totem Theatre's on-stage party to celebrate a year of continuous productions. The boys (they're only 25 and 23 respectively) started Totem Theatre last summer, arena-style, in an open-air location; wooed and won an audience that gave them the idea of carrying right on the year round. They found a permanent indoors home.

Two other groups, in Ontario, are celebrating their fifth season. In Muskoka it's the Straw Hat Players, started by Don and Murray Davis. Murray is in England but Don is there and sister Barbara Chilcott, as well as originals Araby Lockhart, Ted Follows and Eric House who wander afield winters but rally back every summer. There are two groups now—playing a week each at Gravenhurst and Port Carling.

Equally old are the International Players in Kingston. Pioneer-blooded Arthur Sutherland and Drew Thompson led the field in change-over from summer to year-round stock. For two seasons they wintered in Toronto; last year the Kingston civic fathers offered them the municipal hall and Kingston became their permanent home base. This summer they jaunt over the few miles to Gananoque for two nights a week.

Canadian summer theatre has had just about everything—from the 13th-season Theatre Under the Stars in Vancouver with its big outdoor musicals, 4,276 seats, and last year surplus of over $20,000 . . . Melody Fair in Toronto—with equal lavish musicals but in-the-round—seating 1,600 under a huge circus tent and now well established in its second season . . . from the rustic splendor of the Niagara Barn Theatre at Vineland (renovated and the envy of other producers), with the usual summer theatre fare . . . to real rusticity in the Red Barn on Lake Simcoe, where vaudeville holds sway two nights a week . . . to Circle Theatre in London, composed of University of Western Ontario and London players, with emphasis on out-of-the-ordinary plays, and now in third season.

There are summer theatres housed in fine new school auditoriums . . . 17th-season Brae Manor Playhouse at Knowlton, Que., with its own theatre and, as usual, well run by Filmore and Marjorie Sadler . . . Toronto Belmont Players—headed by Sylvia and Ben Lennick—presenting two nights of "under the stars" plays at Mart Kenney's Ranch to dining customers . . . and the new Quebec Summer Theatre in a building built in 1840's as a Methodist church, right in the old walled section of Quebec City. Director of the latter is Hal Walkley, best actor in Eastern Quebec Festival.

The Canadian straw hatters vary from June-into-September groups playing in well-known Broadway and London successes . . . to second season Ottawa Summer Theatre under Julia Murphy (director of Bessborough Trophy winning Saturday Players) and George Palmer, with their four productions of Anita Loos's "Happy Birthday", Coward's "Fallen Angels", Fry's "Ring Around the Moon" and "And So to Bed".

A popularity gauge of summer theatre is the five weeks' run (longest English-speaking run of a play in Canada) of "Private Lives" by Mountain Playhouse, atop Montreal's Mount Royal. And this was a revival from last year, too! Featured were Barry Morse and his wife Sydney Sturgess. Also unique in Canadian theatre is the restaurant attached to the Playhouse; and this year a glassed-in lounge was added, overlooking Beaver Lake. Producer is Norma Springford, director of McGill's Arena Wing Group. Joy Thomson who started the Playhouse in 1950 has been ill and could not carry on.

In the short life of the Canadian summer theatre, producers have learned you can't just settle into a locality, put on well-acted shows and expect a clairvoyant audience to turn up. Good actors

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PETERBOROUGH: "Secret star" as Mr. "Clutterbuck" with Kate Reid (l), Betty Leighton, Barbara Hamilton.

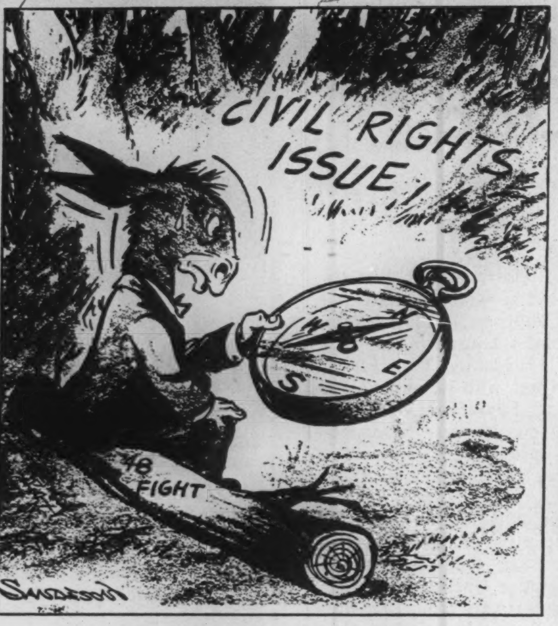
—The Smiths

"CAROUSEL": Likely to be Melody Fair's top hit, with U.S. stars Jack Kilty and Dorothy MacNeil.

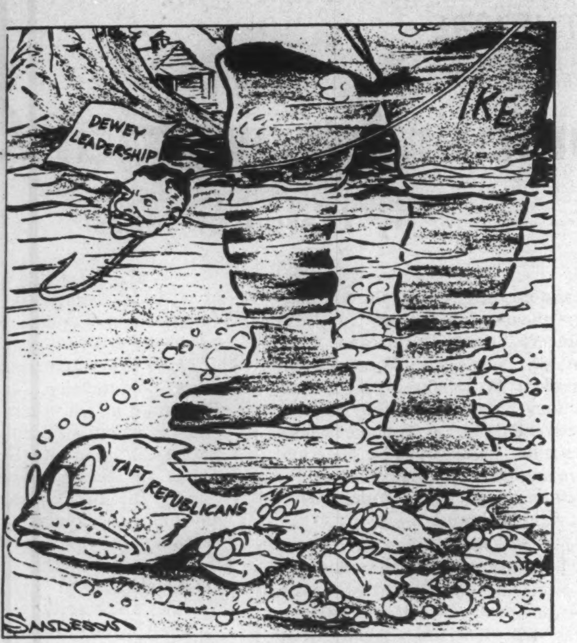
"BORN YESTERDAY": Bea Lennard as Billie Dawn, Dick Easton as reporter in Scarborough production.

PRODUCERS Thor Arngrim (l) and Stuart Baker of Vancouver's arena-styled year-old Totem Theatre.

—Skipsey



"BACK IN THE FOREST AGAIN!"



—Sandeson, Ft. Wayne News-Sentinel

"USING THE WRONG LURE!"

Two Preconvention Views With The Air Of Prophecy

TV and Conventions: No Place to Hide

The tattle-tale eye of the camera told too exact a story. It may lead to a revision of the whole convention set-up

by Norman DePoe

ONE OF THE most dramatic moments of the Democratic National Convention at Chicago last month came in the middle of the third ballot, when Senator Estes Kefauver of Tennessee suddenly made an unprecedented entrance and demanded recognition from the chair.

The amphitheatre was thrown into an uproar. By strong American tradition, candidates just don't enter the hall until the nomination has been decided. The convention had been swept by rumor after rumor of "deals" in which the Tennessee crime-buster would (or would *not*, as the crop of counter-rumors went) swing his two-hundred-odd votes behind Governor Adlai Stevenson of Illinois to give him the Democratic nomination. Not only the 1,576 delegates on the floor of the convention, but an estimated 20 million Americans who were sitting at home glued to their television screens, were electrified. What was Kefauver going to do? What would he say?

The 1,576 delegates didn't find out.

Speaker Sam Rayburn of the House of Representatives, chairman of the convention, ruled that Kefauver could not interrupt the roll call, and forced the delegates back to the wearying process of polling the Massachusetts delegation, one by one. The delegates just had to wonder. But the 20 million televiewers knew the answer less than an hour later.

The point of the story is how the answer was obtained. As soon as Kefauver made his dramatic entrance, arm in arm with Senator Paul Douglas of Illinois, one of the television cameras in the hall began to follow every movement they made. Up in the control booth, far above the floor, the picture was shown continuously on a small screen, while other screens showed what the other cameras were focussed on.

After a while, televiewers at home were switched away from Kefauver, back to the Massachusetts delegation. But that camera—with a telescopic lens—kept on watching Kefauver and Douglas, and kept on transmitting its picture up to the control booth so the producer could switch back to it if any new action developed. Douglas was helping Kefauver to scribble out some sort of statement on a piece of paper.

Suddenly a reporter for ABC, watching in the control booth, discovered that he could literally look over the two senators' shoulders and read what they were writing. Seconds later the news was read on the air: Kefauver was withdrawing from the race in favor of Douglas, who would in turn withdraw in favor of Stevenson. The CBC team happened to be broadcasting at that time to the Dominion network, and the news was instantly passed on.

This astonishing feat of electronic eavesdropping, by which information was made available to foreigners in places as far away as Vancouver and Halifax long before the vitally concerned American delegates had any inkling of what was going on, is perhaps the most frightening example of the new, strange political world created by television.

THE OMNIPRESENT, all-seeing eye was everywhere in Chicago. Armies of technicians festooned the city with miles of transmission lines and power cables; mobile vans roamed the streets; "walkie-lookies"—the amazing portable cameras—got into smoke-filled rooms and caught machine bosses off guard in corridors. The American people saw every detail of their political system for the first time—and they're not sure they like it.

Cab drivers, store clerks, businessmen—everyone that Canadian reporters encountered casually in Chicago—all had the same reactions. The stamping and shouting, the hooey and hoopla that have enlivened U.S. conventions for generations suddenly revealed themselves as essentially phony, at least in their present form. Televiewers could *see* the hired mummers who whooped it up for Taft at the Republican convention make a hasty exit, change their warpaint and their ostensible allegiance, and reappear later to shout and dance just as enthusiastically for Douglas MacArthur.

Without stirring from their own parlors, millions of voters were able to make their own shrewd guess as to how much candidates were spending on favors and funny hats. They were appalled at the naked, ruthless ambition displayed by some politicians. They were disgusted by the bitter, long-drawn-out wrangles that took place in some committees; and they were bored by the arguments over points of order or parliamentary procedure.

The immediate reaction was a wave of demands to scrap the whole convention system and replace it with direct national primary elections, in which the people would nominate their own candidates for both parties.

Since then there has been time for reflection on the legal and constitutional roadblocks in the way of setting up national preferential primaries; and a good many thoughtful Americans realize that a large country run by a federal system must have some kind of periodic party meeting to write platforms, compromise sectional and regional differences, and do the indispensable work of keeping the party generally alive and healthy.

The people who make the compromises and write the platform naturally want some control over the choice of the man who will champion their cause, and if elected will have the responsibility of carrying out their program.

Both the 1952 conventions were, of course, dominated by "machine" groups. The nomination of Eisenhower by the Republicans was essentially a triumph of the Dewey-Lodge-Brownell group over the Taft organization. As far as the convention went, it was pure politics, played hard and roughly by experts under the omniscient TV eye.

The machinery showed up plainly, as did bitterness, ambition, and one ruthless double-cross. And yet there's no doubt but that the GOP nomination went to the people's choice. Public esteem for Ike was a strong factor in determining the vote of many individual delegates who had to make up

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NORMAN DEPOE, *CBC News Round-up editor, directed coverage of the conventions for the Corporation.*

BUSINESS DIAGNOSIS, AND . . .

Prescription for Prosperity

by C. M. Short

—NFB

NOVA SCOTIA STEEL: Busy, busy, busy, but defence needs aren't felt in all areas.

IT MAY SEEM strange that Canada, a lusty, growing country both as to productivity and population, needs an economic diagnosis. Over its broad expanse of more than half a continent, Canada appears to be an economic giant, undergoing the most varied and extensive natural-resources development in the free world. Indeed, Canada might seem to be the young "White Hope" of the free world. Yet during the past two years this country has suffered from an economic dislocation—a dislocation resulting from intense activity in some directions, and greatly depressed conditions in others.

The economic dislocation is most pronounced in Canadian industry. The industrial system of this country as a whole has a quite rosy complexion, but this general appearance is somewhat misleading. Industrial production is slightly above what it was a year ago and nearly ten per cent over the 1950 level. However, when we examine the various industrial groups we find considerable disparities and weaknesses.

So-called heavy industries, including the iron and steel and equipment industries, have increased their production by about one-third above that of two years ago. But it should be noted that a quite considerable volume of equipment production this year is of an inflationary character, springing from the scare-buying periods of the last half of 1950 and the early part of 1951. In other words, many equipment producers are working on orders placed in anticipation of material shortages and rising prices. These still active producers now find new business difficult to obtain, and unless they get it soon their operations will slow down and depress the general level of industrial activity.

This situation takes some of the bloom from the new capital investment program of the current year, involving undertakings of more than $5 billion, mostly in new productive facilities. Some consumer industries, textiles and electrical appliances, are still striving to overcome the depression which hit them a year or so ago. In some lines, such as cotton goods, there has been a certain degree of stability, if not of actual improvement.

And as a result of the removal of unnecessary extra taxes imposed by the Dominion Government in 1951 in lofty ignorance of the fact that stoves, washing machines and refrigerators were necessities instead of luxuries, we have seen a recent revival in the production and sales of these household goods. But the economic dislocation has spread to other industrial units, notably the wood-pulp, lumber and nylon stocking units.

So much for the effects of the industrial dislocation. Now let us consider the causes. First and foremost is of course the Korean War, which interrupted the economic recovery of the free world from the effects of World War II. This affair aggravated that economic cancer, inflation, and created vast rearmament plans, which have not been fully implemented in Canada or elsewhere. These plans led to exaggerated beliefs of material shortages and a wild scramble on all sides for supposedly scarce supplies.

There was less justification in Canada for these exaggerated notions than probably anywhere else because this country had gone further than almost any other nation in dismantling its defences and therefore had much more reorganization to do before they could be set up again. Some authorities admitted to the writer a year and a half ago that Canada's rearmament would not require more than ten per cent of the total national production within the first 12 months of the program: this could hardly be expected to strain greatly the resources of Canada. It has, in fact, taken two years of hard reorganization work and much re-planning to put the defence authorities in a position where they now need *as much as* ten per cent of the total national production.

ACCORDINGLY, the material shortages were not nearly as great as most people feared they would be, and a good deal of over-stocking of civilian merchandise was the result of the miscalculations. It has taken a year or more to work these excess stocks down to manageable proportions, but there is still quite a lot of distress merchandise on hand.

The Canadian rearmament plans have perhaps wisely been based mainly on two types of defence weapons, naval and aircraft. But it should be emphasized that work on these two types is largely concentrated at the few aircraft manufacturing and shipbuilding points that we have in Canada. There have been, of course, numerous sub-contracts placed here and there across the country, but the fact remains that the big work has been undertaken in a comparatively few large centres and many civilian industries have been left outside. In other words, a slack in civilian business has not been taken up by rearmament orders.

Another cause for this dislocation is the high cost of government in Canada. This cost at all government levels, federal, provincial and municipal, has now reached the enormous bill of about $6 billion per annum which has to be paid, and paid by the public, out of an estimated net national income of a little over $18 billion. It can rightly be claimed that taxes get back to the public through government spending, but such high taxation as we now have increases the number of marginal buyers—those who have to skimp more to provide for their taxes.

There is also some economic dislocation to be seen in Canadian agriculture. Bumper crops were grown in western Canada in 1950 and 1951, but as a result of wretched harvesting conditions, much of the huge production in those years was of non-merchantable quality. Superimposed on these conditions have been lower prices for farm products and higher agricultural operating costs. On top of these came the outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease in a small section of western Canada which restricted the domestic market for beef and shut off the most profitable market, the United States.

It now looks as if Canada, east and west, will have good crops this year, perhaps smaller in yield than in 1950 and 1951, but of much better quality. And, official advices from Ottawa notwithstanding, American cattle buyers have come back to Canada to purchase good grade cattle in Ontario in anticipation that the American embargo on Canadian beef will before long be cancelled.

THESE American cattle buyers have asked that the cattle they have bought be retained and boarded on the farms where they have been raised until they can be moved across the border. The reopening of the American market on its former scale would encourage the livestock farmers to use up more of the low-grade feed grain with which this country is still heavily burdened.

Domestic trade has turned upward in recent months, but probably by no more than was to be expected in the spring and summer seasons. The most concern now is felt on the future of export trade. So far, this has been of boom proportions and may reasonably be expected to continue in large volume in certain strategic materials, nickel and copper for example. But there are some threatening developments affecting other important export industries, notably the lumber mills which depend on foreign markets for a considerable part of their sales.

It is expected that within the next few weeks Britain will have taken most of the 900 million feet of lumber she contracted for a year ago last June, and so far the British timber trade has shown little

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C. M. SHORT, *now retired, was formerly special representative for new business with the Canadian Bank of Commerce.*

—UKIO

STEEL & IRON industries have felt tremors of de-nationalization but plans will take "a number of years."

CONSERVATIVE STANDPAT

Nationalization in U.K. Now Seems a "Dead Issue"

by Philip Vernon

London.

THE FIRST session of the first British Parliament since the war to have a Conservative majority is drawing to its close. It is drawing to its close without one measure of denationalization being passed, though long-term plans for steel and iron denationalization have been, somewhat inconclusively, put forward. The Bank of England, civil aviation, the coal mines, the railways, road transport and iron and steel—all of them are still under public ownership. To many people — and particularly to observers abroad—this must appear surprising; nationalization is usually considered to be the main issue on which Socialists and anti-Socialists divide, yet since the return of the Conservative Government last October its proposals for denationalization have again and again been postponed.

There are several reasons for this. The Parliamentary session has been dominated by the continuing economic crisis and the threat that the gold and dollar position will deteriorate still further. Denationalization is no more relevant to this fight for economic survival than nationalization itself was a few years ago. The Government's program has been quite full enough without introducing and then forcing through what would certainly be two of the most controversial and bitterly-contested Bills of recent time—the Bills for denationalizing road transport and iron and steel.

Moreover, the Opposition has been on its toes all the time. No opportunity to challenge the Government has been allowed to pass. Even the smallest issues have been fought out on the floor of the House, sometimes into the small hours of the morning. There is no doubt that these tactics have in themselves disrupted the Government's program and, moreover, have given a hint of what the Government can expect when the denationalization measures are discussed in Parliament.

Nevertheless, the fact remains that a Government which was really anxious to denationalize some industries could have found the time to do it and would have been able to force the necessary measures through the House of Commons. The only possible conclusion is that the Government has good reasons for wishing to postpone the battle over denationalization; indeed, the eagerness with which the Government has seized on every excuse for postponement confirms this.

ONE REASON for this coyness over denationalization—unexpected from a Conservative Government—is the difficulty involved in the actual process of denationalization. It is one thing to commit oneself boldly in Opposition; it is another to work out the precise details when one is in office. The Government had this point driven home hard when it published its first proposals for road transport. The details were attacked on all sides; but, even more important, the broad conception of the scheme was scornfully criticized, not only by newspapers as sympathetic to the Conservative Government as *The Times* and *The Economist,* not only by the most orthodox Conservative newspaper of all, the *Daily Telegraph,* but also by the Conservative back-bench MP who is best known as an authority on transport questions, Sir Ralph Glyn.

There is no doubt that this reception disturbed the Government — and that there is now a clear division inside the Cabinet on the proposals for denationalizing iron and steel. The issue was fairly summed up by Lord Hailsham — formerly Mr. Quintin Hogg, a pugnacious Conservative if ever there was one — who declared in the House of Lords that the fact that nationalization of the industries was wrong three or four years ago did not necessarily make denationalization right now.

The implication of this remark — and of the discussion about nationalization and denationalization — so far as these large, basic industries are concerned — are largely irrelevant to the problems facing both the individual industries themselves and the country as a whole. The problem, of course, would be quite different if the Socialists intended to bring all industry under public ownership and so alter the whole economic structure of the country.

But they have no such intention. All that the dispute is about is a comparatively small (though important) section of publicly-owned industries, which even Conservatives admit should be in some way publicly supervised.

THE FACT IS that nationalization is ceasing to be a political issue in Britain. It is already almost as dead as free trade and proportional representation. Politicians of both parties will go on talking about nationalization and denationalization for some time to come, but there are six facts which must be recognized:

1. That even when the Labor Government was in office at the height of its power, there was a large section of the Cabinet which did not want to nationalize iron and steel;
2. That in the Labor election manifesto of 1950, the only proposals for nationalization were those for the sugar-refining industry and, (in a milk-and-water form) for insurance;
3. That when the Labor Government was then returned with a tiny majority, this excuse for dropping the nationalization measures was hastily seized, and, even more important, they did not reappear in the Labor election manifesto of 1951;
4. That since the Conservative Government has been in power it has been loath to press forward its proposals for denationalization;
5. That all the "new thinkers" in the Labor Party have stressed that nationalization is no longer necessarily relevant to the problems facing Britain and;
6. That one of the top leaders of the Labor Party has said in private that if the Conservative Government took the initiative and proposed a compromise scheme for iron and steel, the Labor Party would be ready to consider it.

From all this one thing is certain; that in the next election nationalization will not figure prominently in the Labor manifesto, and denationalization figure no more prominently in the Conservative program. The Conservative Government, bound by its election promises, will eventually press forward the proposals for denationalized road transport and iron and steel; the Labor Party will retort by promising to renationalize them when it is again in power.

But these will be only the mock battles in which parties must indulge. The main lesson of this Parliamentary session remains clear; that the arguments of the 1930's are no longer relevant to present-day problems, and that argument about nationalization, then the most prominent, is now the least relevant.—*OFNS*

The Reshuffle in Persia

In a deal from the bottom of the deck Mossadegh is head of government again

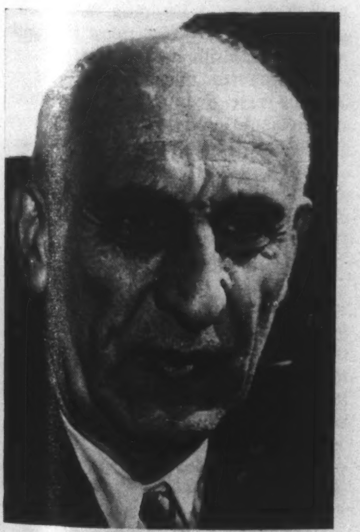
by Philip Toynbee

NOTHING is more confusing to Western eyes than political events and conduct in countries where a semblance of democracy disguises a traditional and antique reality.

Modern Persia has two Houses of Parliament and holds general elections at fairly regular intervals. It is not a police state and it is neither Communist nor Fascist. Officially, then, it is a "democracy", and an attempt is often made to interpret Persian events in the light of democratic possibilities. But the attempt always fails, if only because democracy is impossible in an illiterate country.

The recent resignation and quick return to power of Dr. Mossadegh appear to have surprised British officials almost as much as they have bewildered the British public. Ever since Dr. Mossadegh came to power in the spring of 1951, the British Embassy in Teheran and the Foreign Office have inclined to the optimistic view that this wild and somewhat preposterous old man was perpetually on the point of falling. The more he ruined his country, the more it would seem that starving peasants, unpaid Army officers and civil servants would turn against their incautious leader and ensure that a more reasonable man should succeed him. This was entirely to misunderstand both the workings of the Persian mind and the real, though concealed, realities of Persian politics.

It was always clear that Dr. Mossadegh's resignation, far from being a sign of defeat, of old age or of modesty, was intended to be an astute political manoeuvre. Since proof of his indispensability was needed, he has neatly provided the proof, and his rash successor is now in prison—or in flight, the facts are not clear—with outraged mobs calling for his execution. Mossadegh is more firmly in the saddle than he has ever been before, able to dictate his terms to his fellow-politicians and to the Shah as well. What is the reason for his extraordinary capacity to survive all the blunders and financial disasters of his long regime, and even to increase his personal power and prestige?



—International

MOSSADEGH has the mob behind him. But behind it lies Communist Tudeh Party.

Baldly, it can be said that Persia lives under a terrorist regime, and Mossadegh is the arch Persian terrorist. To say that he is widely loved throughout the country is to say more than the evidence justifies. But he has the effective control of small but well-organized mobs, not only in Teheran but in all the larger provincial cities. Persian mobs are exceedingly formidable, fearless, ruthless and fanatical. If it is required of them, they will gladly lynch any public figure of whom they are instructed to disapprove.

—International

QAVAM: "The Old Fox" is in hiding, his reign eclipsed by Nationalist-Tudeh coup.

The mob, then, is Mossadegh's political weapon, and it was the mob's effective action which quickly got rid of Qavam-Es-Sultaneh and is now threatening the lives of all who were associated with him. But the *reason* for the superiority of Mossadegh's mobs to any that can be put into the streets against them needs a little further elucidation. Partly it is due to the organizational skill of Mossadegh's lieutenants—and in particular of the formidable Kashani, leader of a fanatical Muslim sect. Partly it is due to a genuine, blind xenophobia, traditional in Persia and far more powerful than any sane motives of self-interest. Mossadegh is still the most anti-foreign of all Persian politicians, and it was Qavam's hints that he would come to an understanding with the British which provided the fuel to ignite the Persian mobs against him.

But behind all this another and far more sinister factor is gradually coming to the fore again. It has been known for a long time that the pro-Communist Tudeh Party was skilfully reorganizing itself after the heavy defeats and humiliations which it received in 1946 and 1947. Tudeh is the only organized political party in Persia, with cells and local leaders throughout the country, with clear and specific intentions and the powerful support of Russia, Persia's immediate neighbor to the north. There is no longer any doubt that Tudeh is temporarily making use of Dr. Mossadegh, though nobody can yet know whether he has actually come to an understanding with the Tudeh leaders. Probably not, but there was no doubt at all about the strongly Communistic emotions of the mob which returned Mossadegh to power.

No doubt Tudeh has cast Mossadegh for the role of Kerensky. If they have their way, they will be rid of him as soon as it suits them to do so. For the time being he serves their purpose admirably, both by his anti-British policy and by the fact that this policy is ruining the country. He is, of course, an extremely astute man in all fields where his own personal power is concerned, and he would fight hard and skilfully if it ever came to a show-down with the Communists. It is not even certain that he would lose. Yet it seems probable that the best organized force must be the strongest in the end. In the meantime, it would be wise to recognize that nobody can supplant Mossadegh unless Mossadegh makes an improbable decision to retire, or unless Tudeh comes out into the open against him. It is unlikely that the time has yet come for that.

—*OFNS*

■ *Footnote from P.O'D:*

Almost everyone outside Persia admits that the Persian government has behaved very badly and dishonestly, that it has violated solemn agreements freely entered into, that it has robbed the Anglo-Iranian Oil Co. of its rights and assets in Persia, and that the suggestions of compensation are merely a shameless bazaar joke. Nothing in the decision of the International Court lessens the strength of the case against Persia, but it does very seriously affect British prestige in the Middle East. It involves open loss of "face" in a part of the world where "face" is always the leading consideration, with mere ethics lost in the dusty distance, and even profit a very bad second.

"He which that nothing undertaketh nothing ever achieveth."
CHAUCER

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School for BC Fishermen

by Robert Francis

BRITISH COLUMBIA commercial fishermen, who have been navigating the tricky west coast all their lives—like bush pilots, by the seats of their pants—are finally getting some professional instruction in how to find their way to work.

The strange thing, old-time coastal mariners on tugs and steamers say, is that fishermen, who do the primary work in one of the Province's major industries, have so few accidents and hardly ever get lost.

Part of the explanation is that seiners and gillnetters stay by and large in the fishing areas which they know by experience will yield a worthwhile harvest. They pick up a rule-of-thumb system of navigation from the skipper of the first fishboat where they sail as crew, and later put the knowledge to work with a craft of their own.

But in future that may not be enough. The feeling in the industry is that sooner or later the Department of Transport will order that the masters of at least the larger fishing craft will have to have tickets to show they are capable of handling their boats. As things stand, any fisherman who can get himself a boat can take off and start hauling in fish.

With the possibility of regulations tightening, fishermen have been eager to attend the one week course in "Introduction to Navigation," staged at several points on the coast by the Fisheries Co-operative Service, through the Extension Department of UBC.

More than 300 have taken the course in the past three years and nearly 100 are signed up for the lecture this fall.

Instruction is given by Capt. James F. Patrick, a veteran seaman who sailed before the mast during an apprenticeship which led him to the top of his profession as skipper of CPR Empress ships on the Atlantic. More lately he has been examiner of masters and mates on the west coast.

The federal Department of Fisheries granted $10,000 for educational work among BC fishermen, particularly on the functioning of cooperatives, and a part of this money has been used to finance the navigation courses. The individual fisherman pays only five dollars.

THE TEN two-hour lectures and practical demonstrations cover the fields of the mariner's compass, rules of the road at sea, meteorology, seamanship, chart work and astronomy.

Patrick has found that some of his pupils have a smattering of these subjects, but that the majority sail, like the submariner of World War I, by guess and by God.

With the quick course available, even old-timers who figure they know the coast like the back of their hand have signed up. Capt. Patrick has lectured at Massett and Skidegate in the Queen Charlotte Islands, Pender Harbor, Port Alice and Victoria. He goes anywhere on the coast where a group of fishermen want his course. They take time off from work ashore, during the off-fishing season, to attend.

One of the difficulties of staging the course, according to R. M. Donaldson, an ex-civil servant who runs the Fisheries Cooperative Service at UBC Extension Department, is finding instructors. In the years immediately after the war, out-of-work Merchant Navy officers were available to teach, but most of them have moved into other work or gone back to sea. Patrick is the entire teaching staff. This veteran sailing-ship man emphasizes the practical side of his subjects.

THE 36 ARTICLES of the international rules of the road are examined, with charts and diagrams. Meteorology covers the use of the barometer and estimation of wind speed and direction.

Under the heading of seamanship the fishing skippers study tides and currents, flag signals of the international code, morse signals by lamp and handling in bad weather.

Practical problems with charts are emphasized, involving compass bearings, cross bearings, running fixes and computing the distance from an object at the time of taking a bearing. Elementary astronomy is limited to recognition of major stars and constellations.

Chart work is regarded as particularly important, as the west coast is a difficult one from a navigation point of view, and a skipper needs to use charts along any part of it with which he is not familiar.

SO FAR the Department of Transport has not announced that fishboat captains actually will have to have some kind of mariner's papers. But fishermen themselves feel the navigation course is a good idea in any case.

They regard the knowledge as useful extra insurance for their own safety, especially when they are fishing in an area new to them. They feel also that in the event of hostilities they would be more useful with this training if called upon for work other than fishing.

And owners, particularly of larger fishing vessels which can be worth as much as $100,000, are more at ease when their skippers have some down-to-earth instruction in navigation as well as the acquired knack of sailing the Pacific coast by the seats of their dungarees.

LONDON LETTER

"Grave and Serious Matters"

by P. O'D.

MR. CHURCHILL is not the man to make the nation's flesh creep needlessly or as a matter of political manoeuvring. When he said in the House of Commons that "grave and serious matters, affecting every branch of our national life, will have to be brought into a new survey and presentation of our present position", he *meant* it.

This does not mean that there has recently been any sharp change for the worse in the general condition of the patient. In some respects, in fact, there has even been a noticeable improvement. During the second quarter of the year the drain on the gold and dollar reserves has been cut down to a mere £5 million—"mere" when compared with the losses of the first quarter. The patient is still bleeding to death, but not so fast.

The task now is to start building up the reserves, so that a reasonable margin of safety can be achieved. The Government has done a good deal, but a good deal more is required.

One measure that everyone is counting on with dismal assurance is a further heavy cut in imports—especially from non-dollar countries. That is a safe guess. Another is that some adjustment of the defence program will have to be made—not a reduction perhaps, but a spread over a somewhat longer period than the three years planned originally. In this connection it is notable that Britain is now prepared to take orders for military equipment from other NATO countries as one way of meeting balance-of-payment difficulties.

In the great days of Dunkirk Mr. Churchill gave to the relieved and rejoicing nation the warning that "wars are not won by evacuations". He might now give a somewhat similar warning that economic battles are not won by cuts. Expanded production is the real way to victory, and production is not going up. It is even going a little back—and that in the vital export industries.

If we can't sell, we can't buy. It is one way of making sure that our imports will be cut down, but probably not the way the Government has in mind. What this way is we are to learn at the end of the month. In the meantime, stockbrokers might as well go off and play golf. There won't be much else for them to do.

ECONOMY is quite rightly the order of the day in every department of national life, but there are economies and economies. Some are not really economies at all. They cost more than they save, or the saving is too little to compensate for the loss. Of such is the recent official decision to cut down the staffs of the national museums and art galleries—for a saving of £30,000 a year.

Not that £30,000 a year is a trivial sum. Hardly any sum of money is trivial nowadays. But for this not very impressive saving famous museums and art galleries are closing down altogether or in part, and others are opening only on alternate days. This is a genuine public loss, and not only to the British public. There are our visitors to consider, for whom London's art galleries and museums are one of its chief attractions.

This bit of cheese-paring is a psychological blunder. The Philistine who first thought of it had better be told to change his mind. In fact, he is being told from all sides—Tory as well as Socialist. With a painter as Prime Minister, too!

WHILE so many of London's museums are closing or going on short time, a new one has just been added to the list—a very fascinating and attractive one—the Wellington Museum, as it is henceforward to be known. Formerly it was Apsley House, the handsome mansion at Hyde Park Corner which a grateful nation presented to the Iron Duke and his heirs. Now his present heir, the seventh Duke, has given it back to the nation. And a very graceful and generous gesture it is.

The charm of the new museum is in its pleasantly compact size—no weary wandering about in endless galleries—its superb position with its windows looking out on Piccadilly and the Park, its lovely Regency furniture and fittings, its famous paintings, and above all its associations with the great soldier who gave it his name. The house is full of the old Duke's belongings of every kind, from his gorgeous robes as a Knight of the Garter to the boxes of rhubarb pills he didn't have time to take.

The paintings include no less than three by Velasquez—among them the magnificent "Portrait of a Bearded Man"—two portraits by Rubens, and Correggio's "Agony in the Garden". These and others were captured in Joseph Bonaparte's baggage at the battle of Vittoria. Joseph had looted them from the Spanish.

When the Duke sent notice to King Ferdinand that he was having them returned to Spain, the king insisted that he should keep them as an expression of his esteem and gratitude. So the Duke did, and there they hang to delight the eyes of the London public, to whom the new Museum has now been thrown open. It promises to become one of the most popular of them all.

WHATEVER views Mr. A. D. "Bobby" Locke of South Africa may hold on racial segregation and the Torch Commandos — it is possible that he doesn't hold any at all, or is much too wise to express them—there can be no doubt that he is a great golfer. For the third time in four years he has won the British

CONTINUED ON PAGE 22

A voice out of the past... Some messages never grow old—because the truths they express are enduring. One such message is reprinted here. It appeared 30 years ago this month as the first of the Metropolitan's health advertisements.

The Land of Unborn Babies

IN *Maeterlinck's play* — "The Blue Bird," you see the exquisite Land — all mist blue — where countless babies are waiting their time to be born.

As each one's hour comes, Father Time swings wide the big gate. Out flies the stork with a tiny bundle addressed to Earth.

The baby cries lustily at leaving its nest of soft, fleecy clouds — not knowing what kind of an earthly "nest" it will be dropped into.

Every baby cannot be born into a luxurious home — cannot find awaiting it a dainty, hygienic nursery, rivalling in beauty the misty cloud-land.

But it is every child's rightful heritage to be born into a clean, healthful home where the Blue Bird of Happiness dwells.

As each child is so born —

the community, the nation, and the home are richer. For just as the safety of a building depends upon its foundation of rock or concrete so does the safety of the race depend upon its foundation — the baby.

And just as there is no use in repairing a building above, if its foundation is *weak*, there is no use in hoping to build a strong civilization except through healthy, happy babies.

Thousands of babies —

die needlessly every year. Thousands of rickety little feet falter along Life's Highway. Thousands of imperfect baby-eyes strain to get a clear vision of the wonders that surround them. Thousands of defective ears cannot hear even a mother's lullaby.

And thousands of physically unfit men and women occupy back seats in life, are counted failures — all because of the thousands and thousands of babies who have been denied the birthright of a sanitary and protective home.

So that wherever one looks — the need for better homes is apparent. And wherever one listens can be heard the call for such homes from the Land of Unborn Babies.

The call is being heard —

by the schools and colleges that are establishing classes in homemaking and motherhood; by public nurses and other noble women who are visiting the homes of those who need help and instruction; by the hospitals that are holding Baby Clinics.

By towns and cities that are holding Baby Weeks and health exhibits; by magazines and newspapers that are publishing articles on pre-natal care.

All this is merely a beginning —

The ground has hardly been broken for the Nation's only safe foundation —healthy babies—each of whom must have its rightful heritage — An Even Chance — a healthy body.

The call will not be *answered* until every mother, every father and every community helps to make better homes in which to welcome visitors from the Land of Unborn Babies.

THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

Babies of 1952 have a far better chance of growing up to be sturdy and healthy than did boys and girls who were born in 1922, the year in which "The Land of Unborn Babies" appeared.

In fact, the great gains that have been made in protecting child health—through diet, immunizations, and knowledge of infant growth and development—represent one of medicine's greatest triumphs.

Today, the infant mortality rate is, by all odds, the lowest in history. Equally heartening has been the drop in maternal mortality rates. At present the chances of an expectant mother surviving childbirth are better than 999 out of 1000 in Canada! In these figures there is truly a story of human and social progress.

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SATURDAY NIGHT 73 Richmond St. W., Toronto, Canada

New Drugs: Their Serious Aspect

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

gold salts and numerous others. Serious skin eruption, drug fever, reduction of white blood cells, paralysis of the nerves and damage to liver and kidneys may occur even though the drugs have been administered to many patients without ill effects.

The antibiotics developed so spectacularly that they achieved publicity greater than any previous medical discovery in history. They were headlined as the miracle drugs and sometimes the patient read about new developments in popular digests before his doctor had read his medical journal. The pressure on physicians to prescribe drugs he had never used before or lose a patient became a factor in the unprecedented speed of their acceptance.

The fact that in every single case the dangerous side-effects were not discovered until after the seemingly miraculous cures had been given world-wide publicity, made it more difficult to apply the brake to public as well as medical enthusiasm. It is rather shocking now to think of drugs that may cause death being taken for a simple cold, although not one new drug—including the antihistamines—has yet been found that is of proven value in treating a cold. How far early use of antibiotics renders it more dangerous to use them in treatment later, is a question being followed closely.

This article is written to counteract some of the publicity which has made the general public eager to take antibiotics on the slightest excuse. It has been checked by doctors who assisted in its preparation. The newer the drug and the more expensive, the more some patients take pride in being among the first to try it out. Some patients who were impatient to try out new discoveries are dead now.

Penicillin, the first of the antibiotics, is still the best and still the least dangerous. But even penicillin has its dangers and has caused at least one death in Canada.

It was only in 1941 that the British discoverers interested Washington in an international drive to speed production of penicillin as a war medicine. This launched the most widespread research in history.

ANTIBIOTICS are drugs produced by the growth of living organisms which affect other organisms. No one antibiotic is effective against all other organisms. Many have been produced which are highly effective against a wide range of disease causing bacteria but are so poisonous to the patient that they have never been used. The great problem the scientists face is to recognize those that have harmful effects when prescribed for patients over a long period of time. Actually antibiotics grow in exactly the same way that vinegar grows although vinegar is not an antibiotic.

Penicillin, at first casually received, was widely acclaimed when its dramatic results became known. No drug in history has been so universally adopted so quickly. It was believed to be harmless and was soon shown to be more effective in a number of conditions than the spectacular sulfa drugs which in a very few years had cut down mortality rates. The sulfas had sharply cut the death rate from pneumonia which had been around 25 per cent. Penicillin brought it down to four or five per cent. In treatment of venereal disease it offered the first satisfactory medicine known.

Chloromycetin was thought to be the answer to an absolutely safe antibiotic when introduced four years ago. In the July 5 issue of the American Medical Journal 11 deaths caused by chloromycetin from three centres in the United States were reported. The serious effects of the drug did not turn up until after it had been accepted as one of the great contributions to medical science.

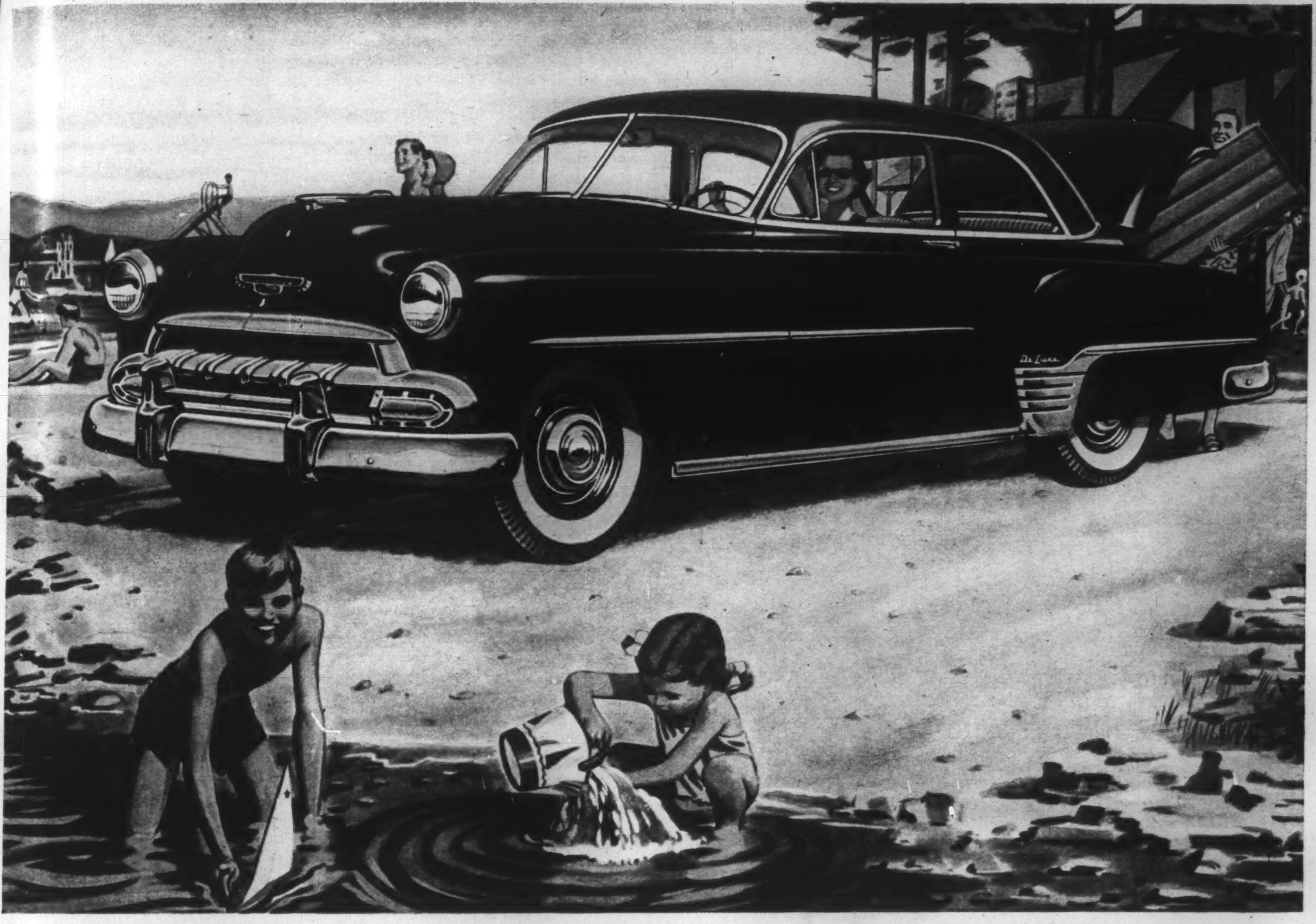
Chloromycetin was the first drug to combat typhus and typhoid. The great hope from chloromycetin was that it offered prospects of being useful on the so-called virus diseases. Attributing disease too frequently to virus infection has been referred to as a symbol of unconfessed ignorance. Some virus infections are often described as influenza until such time as the doctor discovers what the infection really is.

BECAUSE there are a number of virus infections, the new drug was used quite freely. It was the first of the antibiotics to be manufactured by synthesis and, while still expensive, it offered the prospect of being both cheap and exceedingly useful. A great deal of money was spent in developing it. For instance, 6,000 different specimens of soils from widely separated countries were tested and 20,000 different types of molds were isolated. The mold-mother of chloromycetin came from a mulched field near Caracas in Venezuela.

But chloromycetin is one of the new chemicals containing a phenyl ring and all this type are capable of causing great harm. Like some of the others, it causes a depression of the bone marrow, the source of new blood. Some victims of this chemical have died of aplastic anaemia, a type of anaemia in which all elements of the blood are reduced. This means that there is a shortage of white cells which prevent infection, of red cells which carry oxygen to the tissues and platelets which are necessary for clotting of the blood and the prevention of hemorrhage.

The damage to the bone marrow seems to be more permanent from chloromycetin than from other phenyl-ring drugs. Some American authorities wish to forbid its use.

Chloromycetin is a good example of a drug which many patients reading popular digests were more eager to use than their doctors were to prescribe. Canadian doctors were a little bit more conservative in its adoption than American doctors but now that the drug is being attacked the Canadian authorities are not willing to discard so useful a remedy. They feel that in small doses it is worth taking a calculated risk for use in some virus conditions and for serious cases of typhoid. They say it should never be



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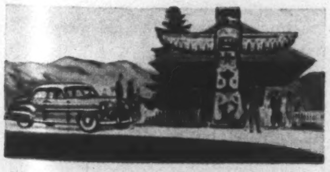

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We guess you like to go to nice places. You'll be proud of the smart and graceful styling of Chevrolet's Body by Fisher, with its quality appointments and fine craftsmanship in every detail. Harmonizing color-matched interiors will please you, too.

We guess you enjoy solid comfort. Chevrolet's Knee-Action ride is smoother than ever this year. Shock absorber control is more complete. You'll appreciate the road-steadiness of the wide-span rear tread—real comfort is yours with Chevrolet.

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used lightly; never used as a shot gun prescription when doctors don't know what else to use, that it should in no circumstances be used without a doctor watching its effect. Very definitely they say it should never be used when another safer antibiotic will serve the same purpose.

Aureomycin and terramycin are antibiotics with a similar range of activity. Like chloromycetin they tend to cause nausea and vomiting and diarrhoea to some people. At times the diarrhoea is prolonged and severe. Doctors regard them as valuable drugs which must be used with great care and whose dangers are not yet fully known.

The antibiotics have stimulated research in bacteriology, with hope persisting that an ever-widening circle of drugs will be found able to deal with every type of bacterial disease. A drug which would successfully cope with tuberculosis has long been sought.

It was thought at first that streptomycin was the answer but, as the drug has to be given over several weeks, harmful reactions have limited its usefulness. Sometimes streptomycin disturbs the mechanism of balance, making the patient dizzy on sitting or standing. It may also cause deafness. The function of the kidneys may be impaired and occasionally deaths from kidney failure have been reported. Serious dermatitis may develop. It is nonetheless the greatest advance in the treatment of tuberculosis to date.

It only goes so far in treating tuberculosis. It slows down the growth of the tubercular organism, helping the body to throw off the infection, but it does not eradicate the disease. The traditional methods of treatment remain necessary.

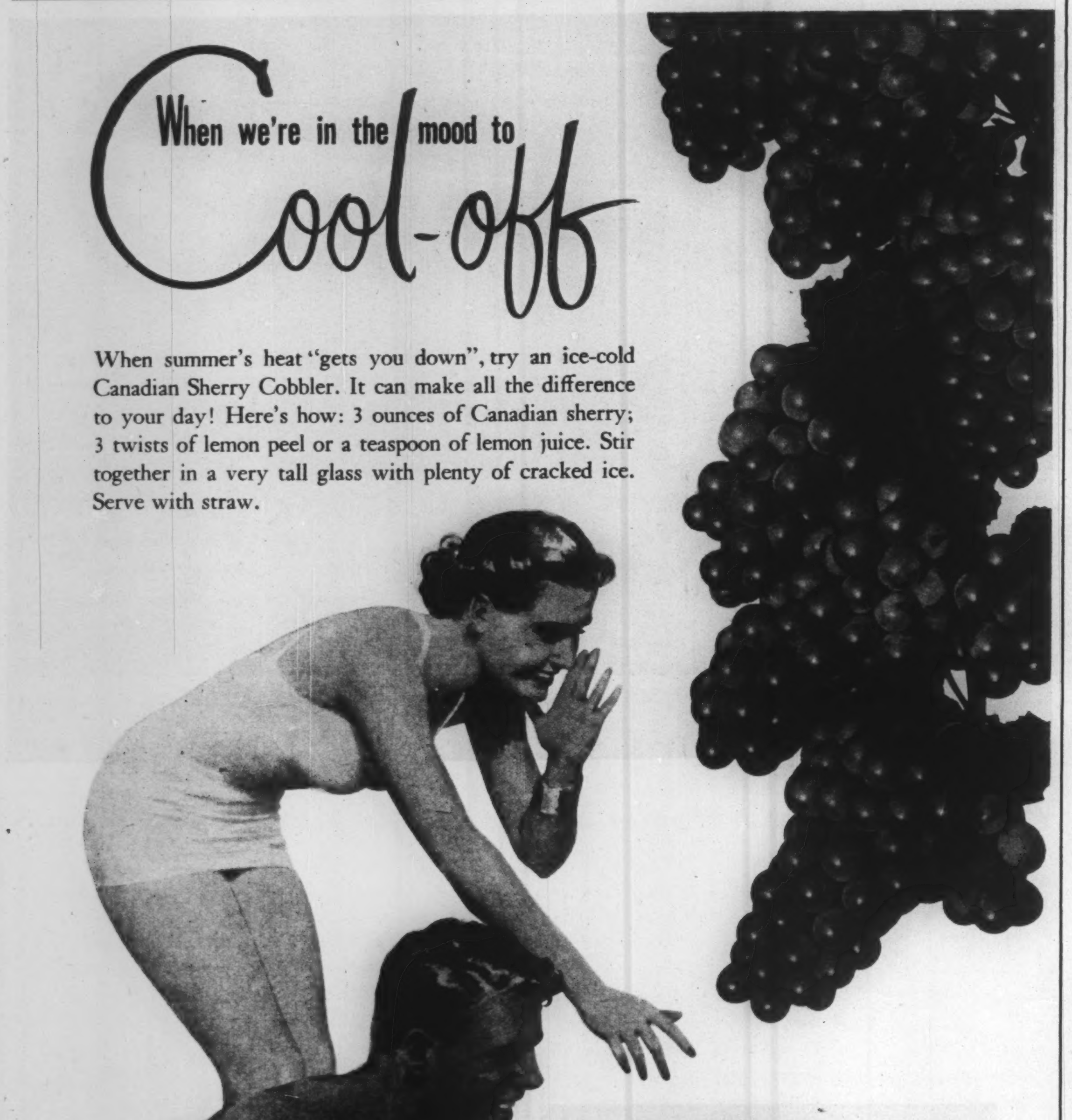
Recently a New York sanatorium announced discovery of a new antibiotic, a nicotinic acid derivative, claiming that it cured cases of tuberculosis considered incurable. Canadian experience to date has not vindicated the claims. It may prove to be a useful adjunct to streptomycin. It may be valuable in cases which do not respond to streptomycin but, given alone, it does not seem to be as effective as the older drug.

It is less than a decade since antibiotics came into general use and started a rush in medical research greater than any gold rush in history. Millions of dollars are being spent by commercial drug houses in developing new drugs and the success of the drugs in lowering the death rate in a number of diseases has been spectacular. But in this antibiotic age the drawbacks are being discovered after the virtues. It will take time before the dangers are all known.

THE saying attributed to Paracelsus "Be your faith true or false, it will work wonders" is as true now as it was 400 years ago. The faith of the patient has always a tremendous, often miraculous, effect in relieving symptoms. This is particularly notable when the disorder affects parts of the body governed by the automatic nervous system such as the stomach and bowels and heart; but it is true also of almost all diseases.

This faith of the patient in a new remedy presents the greatest difficulty doctors face in its evaluation. It is responsible for much of the popular over-enthusiasm and excessive use of vitamins, hormones, serums, vaccines and other measures which have a definite limited value but are often used virtually as faith cures.

Antibiotics, though very effective in infections, are yet too dangerous to be prescribed by a doctor to keep his patient happy. They are far too high-powered to be safe faith cures.



When we're in the mood to Cool-off

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CANADIAN WINE INSTITUTE, 372 BAY ST., TORONTO

London Letter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

Open, thus equalling the record of the mightly James Braid, who accomplished the same feat between the years 1905 and 1908. And Locke has followed it up by going over and winning the French Open in the record score of 268—every one of the four rounds below 70!

It is true that none of the present-day American top-scorers took part in the British Open this year—not enough cash in the kitty, perhaps—but the old champion Gene Sarazen turned up and got a great reception. It gave everyone pleasure to see his burly figure again and his flashing, friendly smile. Also his excellent golf. It was almost as good as ever, but not quite good enough. Nor did Sarazen seem to mind. He was enjoying himself playing golf, not undergoing an agonizing ordeal. Nice to be reminded, even in a championship, that after all the darn thing is a kind of game.

BUSINESS COMMENT

Selling to U.S.

EXPORTERS are encouraged by recent top level policy trends in the United States towards a more liberal policy regarding imports. At the top level, of course, this sort of thing has happened often before, and in practically all instances the most pious hopes of the top level planners have been washed out by an unsympathetic, log rolling Congress.

Nevertheless there are some signposts pointing to better international trading conditions, one of these, the most significant one, is the fact that the high policy statements have already been backed by action: The Tariff Commission has resisted proposals to raise tariffs against foreign-made motor cycles; Congress seems ready to modify the worst features of the restrictions against imported fats and oils; the Army Engineer Corps has granted a big order to a British firm of electrical equipment makers.

At long last, it appears, the Administration has been able to get across the idea that the military is just one phase of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, and it's an inadequate one unless it's buttressed by the economic phase. In other words, U.S. military policy and U.S. trading policy which were as far apart—ideologically—as America Firsters and Roosevelt in the pre-war era, have begun to harmonize. Nor is this situation likely to be changed after the November election, as both Eisenhower and Stevenson can be expected to hold similar views on that matter.

It remains to sell the American public on the idea that the protection-and-dollar aid policy doesn't help anyone much except the protected U.S. industries, and besides puts the U.S. citizen in a pretty merciless squeeze. As a taxpayer he forks out for the dollar aid, as a consumer he pays for the protection given the U.S. industry: It shouldn't be hard to convince him that it's better business for the U.S. to get imports in exchange for dollars than to give dollars away.

Farmers vs Unions

IT IS going to be much more difficult to settle the railway wage issue this time if freight rates are to continue to reflect labor costs. In the matter of freight rates it's brought home forcibly to the western farmers that they pay the biggest part of the railway unions' wage increases. The farmers' bitterness is not going to be sweetened in the least by the reminder that the railway union men, along with everyone else, helped to contribute the $65 million balm for the western farmers last year, or that the railway workers, along with everyone else, are paying for the subsidies on grain moving eastward and for the floor prices on farm products.

But if the farmers' bitterness isn't going to be sweetened by these facts, the railway unions' sympathy for the prairie farmer is certainly not going to be increased by them. Therefore on the matter of freight rates and rail wages we arrive at a deadlock between two important economic and political groups.

It shouldn't be overlooked that the farmers' bargaining organization is potentially, if not actually, more powerful than that of the urban unions. And at any rate, pressure on the purse can bring about changes that seem like too big a switch when soap-box oratory is the only inspiration.

A few weeks ago in British Columbia, farmers showed they can and do act when a strike affects their pocketbooks seriously enough. A four-day strike by the United Packinghouse Workers of America came to an abrupt end when fifty irate BC farmers and their wives moved through picket lines and put the plant into operation. The incentive was a $40,000 pea crop that was endangered by the packinghouse workers' strike. The result: union and management hammered out a settlement in a record two hours.

Arms & Exports

IT DOESN'T take a comprehensive survey to determine that a major Canadian need is armaments: that can be deduced from the size of the Budget surplus.

Last year's surplus existed mainly because defence production didn't keep up with defence taxation. The Minister of Finance seems on the way toward a repetition of last year's experience.

In the British decision to balance sterling's trade accounts by exporting armaments, Canada has the opportunity to get needed defence commodities, to skirt the embarrassment of another surplus, to disprove the *Manchester Guardian's* observations about our "Olympian" attitude toward the Commonwealth, and, probably most important, put one of our major customers and allies back on a paying basis.

In Canada there is a great deal of activity in some areas engaged in defence production (the surplus notwithstanding), other areas are benefitting directly from the capital investment program, but quite a few areas are in serious economic difficulties mainly because of the loss of overseas markets and the lack of defence orders to compensate. For these areas there is worse to come as the British belt is tightened still further.

Behind the belt tightening is the "dollar gap" and behind the dollar gap is the failure of dollar countries to buy enough British goods. The 75 million Canadian dollars allotted for purchase of a light aircraft carrier, Centurion tanks and electronic equipment from Britain is a step in the right direction from the point of view of Canadian lumber, cheese, meat and other producers who rely heavily on the British market, and don't share in the defence boom, to those sections, in other words whose economic difficulties are responsible for the spottiness of Canadian business activity.

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On the same day, in the mail, our Toronto Office received a request for a report on a new company and its management, rumoured to be just getting started. While this company was located on the west coast, Toronto was able to obtain some basic information which went out in the mail that night. At the same time over our wire, our Vancouver Office was requested to obtain additional specific details...these were received within three days and gave our friend the balance of the information he required.

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PESSIMISTIC AMERICANS?

Why Do Our Booms Go Phfft?

by Michael Young

LESLIE ROBERTS [in *The Golden Hinge*] doesn't think it's correct to describe a Canadian as a man who acts like a quiet American. I wonder if a description of him as a pessimistic American would be more acceptable?

The word "boom" has probably appeared more often than any other in the press of Canada in stories relating to the country's economy. We have, at the moment, no less than five well-established booms going on with innumerable sub-booms and semi-booms and if-booms as well. With all this noisy prosperity, you'd think that Canadians would be busting their buttons with pride and optimism.

But this isn't the case: Perhaps it's just our natural caution, perhaps it's the result of some penetrating insight or perhaps it's the result of the efforts of harried people who make their living as writers trying to find a fresh angle on the "boom story". Whatever the cause, there doesn't seem to be one of our numerous booms that we can really—and comfortably—let ourselves go on.

Take a recent aspect of the overall Canadian boom for example: the higher price of Canadian money in terms of American money.

That old chestnut about the American who asked the price of a Canadian commodity "in real money" was probably a myth. Nevertheless, meat-cleaver discounts that were swung at Canadian money in the U.S. a few years ago set a lot of maple leaves bristling forever.

You'd think then, that when the positions are reversed, and U.S. money is at a discount, there would be quite a lot of smug satisfaction on this side of the border. It hasn't turned out that way. Instead, the gloating has been washed out by laments over what the discounting of the U.S. dollar is doing to some parts of Canadian business — notably the tourist industry.

Besides this, there are other pessimists who point out darkly that the discounted U.S. dollar is not the result of extensive Canadian merchandise sales to the U.S., but is rather the result of the extraordinary amount of U.S. investment money moving into this country. And the trouble with this, of course, is that we are selling our birthrights, and, incidentally accumulating heavy U.S. dollar obligations for payment of interest and principal on the American investments.

Even the Minister of Finance is letting us down in this respect: he has recently been busily buying U.S. dollars to keep Canadian money from rising too much over American.

British Columbia's big aluminum "boom" hasn't been without its wet blankets either. When the Aluminum Company of Canada began its gigantic development in the west coast province we began digging for superlatives only to be stopped by ominous warnings from the BC fisheries that the power dam first proposed would block the salmon's spawning run and dry up a multi-million dollar industry on the west coast. So the superlatives had to be put away while the pros and cons of this dispute were hashed out. Alcan finally found a site for its dam that didn't interfere with the family life of the BC salmon, but by that time the gilt had been taken from the gingerbread.

Even then we couldn't start looking for great exports of Canadian-made aluminum to the U.S.—not for a while anyway, and evidently not without a big fight with some U.S. aluminum makers who believe passionately in all aspects of free enterprise except free competition.

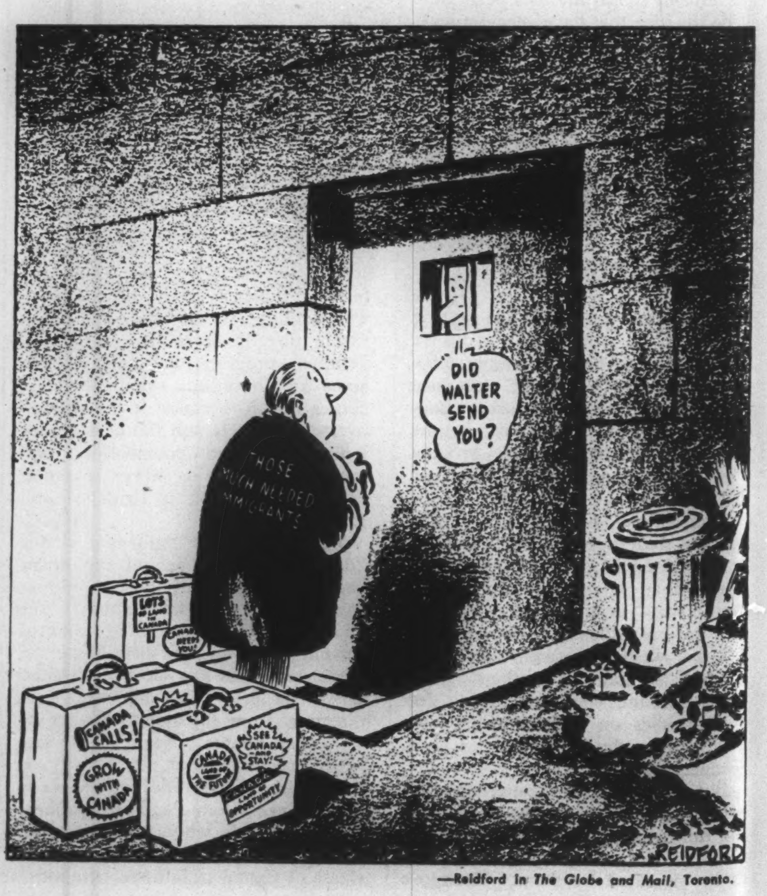
We did let ourselves go on Alberta oil and gas; so much so, in fact, that we got ahead of ourselves and had to be pulled up sharply with the reminders that even yet Canada can supply only about half her petroleum requirements, that the reserves are not inexhaustible, and that the prospects for substantial sales in the U.S. are darkened by a tariff against Canadian oil.

The matter of gas was even more discouraging. In spite of all the boom talk, the Alberta Government insisted, until this year, that there wasn't enough gas proven to satisfy Alberta's needs for the next 30 years and still allow some for export.

When enough gas had been proven to satisfy the Alberta Gas Conservation Board a new row developed over who was to pipe the gas to other markets on the continent anxiously awaiting it. On the matter of gas, Albertans have been able to let themselves go, but not the rest of Canada. So far no one has been able to equate demand in other parts of the continent with supply in Alberta and in the petroleum regions of the U.S.

Besides this, the petroleum developments in Alberta brought bad news for Canada's coal miners, and the elation over pipelines, U.S. dollar savings and new petroleum industries is somewhat dampened by the long faces being pulled in the coal mining industry.

Even oil is not without its nemesis, apparently. There have already been occasional dark warnings about what will happen to oil when atomic energy is harnessed for industrial purposes. The oil boom continues in Alberta, but—one suspects—not without occasional forward glances toward the atom scientists' laboratories.



—Reidford in *The Globe and Mail*, Toronto.

Of course Canada has uranium too, but we don't seem to have worked ourselves into a boom mood on this yet. Maybe because its alarming corollary, the atomic bomb, makes cheering atomic energy developments too vigorously somewhat disrespectable.

Looking over the north east coast of Canada, we got very excited over the development of the enormous iron ore resources of the Ungava district. This was really going to be something, for iron is the heart of steel and steel is the heart of an industrial economy.

It took us quite a while to realize that this iron ore was not going to be the core of a great steel boom in Canada. Americans took the $275 million risk to get much needed iron ore for American steel mills.

Population growth is usually associated with a boom in a young country. But a Canadian who doesn't belong to any of the numerous pressure groups in this country doesn't know whether to cheer or weep when the immigrant ships dock. In one ear he's told that the immigrants are all consumers and their effective demands generate employment; in the other he's told that they are taking jobs while Canadians who have been here a little longer queue up at the Unemployment Insurance Office.

If we get a lot of English-speaking immigrants, there are howls from Quebec, if the English-speaking immigrants are in the minority, there are dark mutterings from groups in Ontario. And if the harried policymakers try to strike some kind of a balance, there is a pretty general uproar about a too-selective immigration policy.

So no one is happy about our population boom — particularly the would-be immigrants who have probably packed and unpacked a dozen times to keep pace with Canada's fluctuating immigration policy.

Describing Canadians as pessimistic Americans may not be quite correct. After all, we have financed a substantial part of our boom (such as it is) ourselves, and a pessimist doesn't risk his money on development ventures. Perhaps we just can't believe our own good fortune, in which case we'd be better described as incredible Americans.

Business Diagnosis

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

inclination to buy much if any, more. The British buyers can hardly be expected to be greatly interested in Canadian lumber when Scandinavia is offering it wood at $35 or $40 per thousand feet less than it would have to pay for the material here. There is competition from Russia, too, which country is quoting prices for finished lumber below those for domestic prices for logs alone. These developments are apart from import restrictions and tariffs.

Canada, having become a high-cost country is suffering not only from competition in its foreign markets but also in its domestic trade field. Its high costs are attracting low-cost producers from abroad, not only in textiles, but even in some foodstuffs. For example, Holland recently offered Canadian jam manufacturers strawberries in frozen and pulp forms at nearly half the price these processors were asked to pay for the same products grown in British Columbia.

A diagnosis that reveals such sore spots as those outlined above should, of course, be accompanied by a remedial prescription. As the Canadian economic system is not yet in a highly critical condition, the prescription now to be written should not be considered as bitter medicine.

First, and perhaps most difficult of all, would be a purging of unnecessary governmental costs from the bloated financial system of this country. Next in order of necessity seems increased labor efficiency, if not in longer working hours, at least in harder work within the present working time. An increase of 10 per cent in working efficiency does not seem too much to expect from a labor force that has succeeded largely in its objective of more money for less work.

The prescription for businessmen is not for a reduction in profits, which on the whole are not unduly high, but for reductions in costs to bring more goods within the reach of the growing number of people who have found their purchasing power curtailed.

If this prescription, or a better one, if it is available, is not taken soon a more drastic one may have to be prepared a year or two hence when, as a recent confidential report of the European Economic Cooperation Organization predicts, a serious period of readjustment will be experienced, unless another world war should necessitate further defence efforts.

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BOOK REVIEWS

Britain and World Affairs

RETROSPECT: The Memoirs of the Rt. Hon. Viscount Simon, GCSI, GCVO—*Ryerson*—*$6.00.*

by R. A. Farquharson

THE NOW almost forgotten Chanak incident in 1922 ended Lloyd George's power in Britain, was effectively used by Canadian Liberals against Arthur Meighen in Quebec and is now cited by Lord Simon as a moral to those who hold that a more aggressive attitude should have been adopted to stop the rise of Hitler.

Lloyd George was for maintaining the British forces at Chanak even if this meant fighting with the Turks but his stand ended his authority over the Tories in his Coalition and his appeal to the Dominions to be prepared to support new hostilities roused in Canada and other parts of the Commonwealth criticism and surprise.

Lord Simon, who occupied key cabinet posts in the years immediately preceding the last war and was Foreign Secretary from 1931 to 1935 suggests that an early attempt to stop Hitler would have met the same fate Lloyd George met over Chanak. He says: "It is not enough to say that Hitler could have been stopped at this point or that. The real question is whether the people of this country and of the Commonwealth could, at an earlier point, have been swept unitedly, with the support of the Allies, into a preventive war."

It has so long been an almost universal habit to disparage the "Men of Munich" and attack appeasement in any form, that a judicial defence of Chamberlain and his policy by one of his most distinguished colleagues, is decidedly interesting. Lord Simon believes that it was only after Munich and only after the complete duplicity of Hitler had been exposed by his liquidation of the Czech state, that Britain, the Commonwealth and the Allies could be united in a war to end Hitlerism.

It is not always remembered that the Opposition attacked Chamberlain for rearming on the basis that rearmament was spoiling the good effects of the Munich settlement. Roosevelt wrote Mackenzie King: "We in the United States rejoice with you, and the world at large, that the outbreak of war was averted. To me the most heartening aspect of the situation is the fact that this feeling of relief has been so spontaneous and has been expressed with such obvious sincerity throughout the world." This comment, Simon points out, was made by Roosevelt after the terms of the Munich pact were known and had been fully examined.

Lord Simon, son of a poor congregational minister whose brilliant academic career was made possible by one scholarship after another, has been in British politics since he entered the House of Commons in 1906. Before he became Lord Chancellor he was for 30 years in the Commons and occupied ministerial posts for 19. No one except Churchill has been more intimately associated with British affairs in the last half century.

His memoirs throw new light on a number of issues. Take for instance Abyssinia: oil sanctions were impracticable "for the United States explained that there was no constitutional power to stop exports by American companies to Italy, which, in fact, greatly increased during the crisis."

The statement has been made in Canada that the action of the Canadian Government in repudiating its representative at Geneva in his move to invoke oil sanctions, was a major cause of the failure to stop Mussolini and thus one of the causes of the second world war.

Lord Simon was at the Foreign Office during the Japanese invasion of Manchuria. He makes it quite clear that there is no truth whatever in the impression that still persists that the United States Government proposed sanctions or that there was some refusal on the part of Great Britain to support America which contributed to the failure of the attempt to check Japan. When passages in Henry Stimson's book were interpreted as supporting the idea that the British Government had faltered, Stimson immediately sent word to Simon that he had not intended to imply criticism of the British policy.

Simon served under Asquith, Ramsay Macdonald, Stanley Baldwin, Chamberlain and Churchill. His chapter comparing the different prime ministers is one of the most interesting passages in the book. He liked and admired them all; this feeling did not extend to Lloyd George.

Jutland and After

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF DAVID BEATTY, ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET—by Rear-Admiral W. S. Chalmers, CBE, DSC — *Hodder & Stoughton*—*$6.50.*

by William Sclater

DAVID, EARL BEATTY, the hero of Jutland had one thing in common with Nelson; he became an Admiral before he was 40. There is no other resemblance, though some would have it so. It is true that the great love of Beatty's life was a divorced woman, the American-born Marshall Field heiress whom he married in defiance of the strict conventions of Victorian England. It is also true that he refused the Admiralty appointment offered him on reaching flag rank and thereby greatly imperilled his naval career.

But Mrs. Tree was no more comparable to the frail and lovely Emma, Lady Hamilton, than Jutland was comparable, either in its action or after effects, to Trafalgar. Beatty was a great sea captain, the fearless, morally-courageous, resolute leader his biographer, who served under him, portrays very well. But there was no great personal tragedy in his life. With his steam yacht, his wife's millions, his influential friends and happy family his lot was more fortunate than that of most men.

—Miller

ADMIRAL EARL BEATTY

Beatty, born of an old Irish family of sportsmen and warriors domiciled in England, joined the Royal Navy in 1884 at the age of 13. It was a navy whose seamen were second to none but it was in the transitional period from sail to steam and the long years of peace had taken their toll of its fitness for war both in the fixed ideas and narrow vision of many of its senior personnel. Beatty was fortunate in seeing what war service there was; in Egypt, where he met and favorably impressed a young subaltern of Hussars, Winston Churchill, and in the Boxer uprising in China. In these operations he conducted himself so well that he was promoted to Captain before he was 30 and had earned a DSO.

Six months after he had refused the Admiralty's appointment in his flag rank, his friend Winston Churchill became First Lord of the Admiralty and Beatty became Naval Secretary. Two years later the most coveted appointment of his rank, command of the battle cruisers was his and he hoisted his flag in *HMS Lion* on March 1, 1913.

He was a conscientious, able and painstaking officer, seeking always to improve his ships in the development of offensive power at high speed. He was audacious in action but with that audaciousness went a cool, measured judgment of risks that is the characteristic of a good leader. He inspired those who served under him.

The politicians, so often the servants of expediency, have made much of the supposed Jellicoe-Beatty Jutland controversy to smokescreen their own shortcomings. Jutland was a great victory, the effect of which was to bottle up the German fleet for the rest of the war. But glaring weaknesses in battleship construction—two of which were evidenced in World War II in the loss of Hood and Repulse from the same faults—came to light at Jutland. To Beatty must be given the credit for the institution of the convoy system in 1917 to combat the submarine menace and for many manoeuvres of high-speed fighting in the Standing Orders of today.

After the war he fought hard for the maintenance of British seapower, for a Fleet air-arm such as we now have. Then the old lines of Nelson's day were often in his mind:

> God and the sailor we alike adore
> When danger looms, but not before.
> The danger past, both are alike
> requited,
> God is forgotten and the sailor
> slighted.

On the night of 11th March, 1936, Admiral of the Fleet Earl Beatty died; he is buried in St. Paul's with Britain's great.

A Familiar Ring

THE OXFORD DICTIONARY OF NURSERY RHYMES—*Oxford—$6.50.*

by B. K. Sandwell

THERE are 550 pieces of rhyme in this collection, beginning with "A was an apple pie" and ending with the good old Duke of York, his thousand men and his hill. This reviewer was a little surprised to find what a large number of them had been familiar to him from early childhood; one fears that the contemporary child of today is brought up on somewhat different fare, and of course the disappearance of that excellent institution, the family nurse, is bound to create breaks in the transmission of these rhymes, which is nearly always oral.

One rhyme which is not part of our childhood memories but came to us by means of its exquisite modern musical setting is "The Twelve Days of Christmas," and it is odd that the compilers (Iona and Peter Opie) seem uncertain about its French origin and the religious significance (surely obvious enough in most of its lines) of the various gifts. The "peartree" must have come into the poem by sound-transfer from the French "perdrix" which is "partridge." We fancy that Dr. Healey Willan, who is an expert on matters of this kind, could have given some assistance.

It takes time for a verse to become a nursery rhyme, and the compilers think that the most recent addition to the select company is the American "Oh where, or where has my little dog gone?", which was written by Septimus Winner, composer of "What Is Home Without a Mother?" It cannot, however, be much younger than "Mary Had a Little Lamb," which was first published in 1830, and within a hundred years had become, in the opinion ot E. V. Lucas, the best known set of four-line verses in the English language. With "Jump Jim Crow" and other Negro verses the U.S. has contributed quite a large share of the newer rhymes, but of course the vast majority are of pre-1776 origin, some of them lost in the mist of ages. The Opies have done much valuable research on origins.

Literary Look-See

LITERARY AMERICA — by D. E. Scherman & Rosemarie Redlich—*Dodd, Mead—$6.50.*

by Melwyn Breen

THIS book is subtitled "A Chronicle of American Writers from 1607 to 1952 with 170 Photographs of the American Scene that Inspired Them", which is just about as comprehensive a description of the book as can be given. Translated into less all-embracing terms, however, it is a picture book with photographs of varying degrees of authenticity of, for example, the angel-statue that figures in Thomas Wolfe's "Look Homeward Angel" or the picture of the street in Sauk Center, Minn., that served as model for Lewis's "Main Street", all of which may or may not serve to assist in your appreciation of the author or book concerned.

Some of the photographs are very handsome and each writer is given a paragraph or two of text to explain the meaning of the picture in terms of the author's work. This is done in a kind of brittle, sometimes flippant, prose that emphasizes the gimmick-nature of the book.

Re-Polished Gems

FAMOUS CHINESE SHORT STORIES—by Lin Yutang—*Longmans, Green—$4.25.*

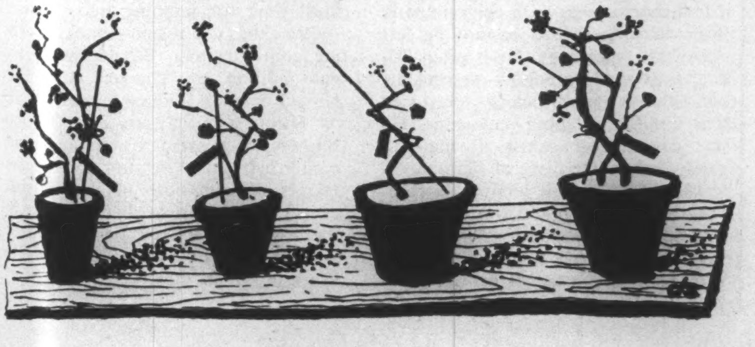
by J. L. Charlesworth

LIN YUTANG has been an indefatigable propagandist in this hemisphere for the ancient culture of his native land. It is a culture that has apparently developed without benefit of a Massey commission, although it contains some elements of formalism that suggest that something of the kind may have existed in one or more of the dynasties. It should be noted that, before the days of the Chinese Republic, literary merit was commonly rewarded by lucrative government appointments.

It is therefore not surprising to learn that the Chinese had a well established literary tradition and a considerable body of literature at a time when few Europeans outside the church could read or write. Many of the stories included in this collection have their origin in the first half of the ninth century.

As with other writings of Lin Yutang, the reader may often be in doubt about how much of the material comes from ancient sources and how much is due to the compiler. Lin Yutang admits in his introduction that he has not been content with translating the tales, but has embellished and altered them to make them suitable for modern Western reading. The procedure seems fair, for the stories are readable and yet retain an exotic flavor.

For one who is unacquainted with the original sources, the collection seems adequately representative, covering love, humor, mystery and adventure. The ghost stories, a Chinese speciality, are particularly successful.



Withered Laurels

BUFFETS AND REWARDS—by S. P. B. Mais—*Ryerson—$3.75.*

by John Creed

THE POPULAR war-time BBC broadcaster concludes a two-volume autobiography. The second volume contains as embarrassing a sentiment as—possibly—Rousseau's "Confessions". With a surprising lack of British "reticence", Mais recounts his career as "one of the most famous men in England" (by his own admission). This career combined broadcasting and writing (some 150 books, mostly thrillers and textbooks) and teaching in a succession of public schools.

From this distance it is hard to know whether Mais's apparent decline from fame is seen in true proportion; certainly nothing in the writing quality of this book leads one to suspect that he was either worthy of fame nor unjustly dropped from the limelight. In any case, "Buffets and Rewards" is a rather coy series of dialogues between the reincarnation of his wife as she was in her youth and the author.

Most of his observations on literature and drama are commonplace and give one a somewhat devastating idea of what his other writings must be like. The whole thing is rather cosy and Mais writes with that annoyingly familiar "homey" touch about his wife and daughters. All in all, the book seems to be the collected prosiness of an awfully jolly bore.

The Old, Old Story

MARTIN MERRIEDEW — by Mary Borden — *British Book Service—$3.00.*

by John Lanigan

MISS BORDEN cannot fairly claim credit for much originality in the basic idea of her new novel. Her theme of what might happen if Christ were to begin His teaching and preaching in modern times is one that has occurred to countless writers and that has been used by several.

On the other hand, she does deserve praise for creation of believable characters and for her management of a plot that would seem impossibly hackneyed in less skilful hands. Her protagonist, Martin Merriedew, grows up

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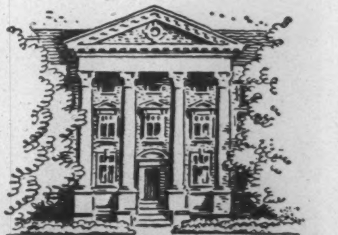

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in an English village, showing even in his early youth an extraordinary power of healing and great gifts of friendship. A pacifist and conscientious objector, he volunteers for Red Cross service, and his obedience to the injunction to love one's enemies brings on him a charge of treason. A large share of the novel is taken up with a description of his trial.

Miss Borden has not created counterparts for all the characters of the Biblical story, but many of them are quite recognizable in modern dress, including Judas and Mary Magdalene. The fictional narrator of the story corresponds to Pilate's wife.

Society of Wits

COLLECTED POEMS—Oliver St. John Gogarty —Longmans, Green—$4.50.

by Bernard Keble

FROM the third Preface—the other two are by Yeats and AE, reprinted from earlier volumes—we learn that Gogarty was Buck Mulligan in "Ulysses". We learn also that his limericks are immortal in Dublin; but alas! none of them (doubtless for good reason) appears in this collection.

Unquestionably he was one of the great personalities of the Yeats age in Dublin, and to know him in those days was to be a freeman of the Society of Wits. But it is his personality that matters rather than his art. He detested democracy and the masses, and looked forward to a new aristocracy in some future and not very republican Ireland, for God "never brooks the undeserving long." Yeats called him "one of the great lyric poets of our age", and in the same sentence told us that he, Yeats, loved "swashbucklers, horsemen, swift indifferent men." What of greatness there is in these poems lies in the way they reveal Gogarty as a swashbuckler and a swift, indifferent man.

The edition is 500 copies only—a hint to collectors.

Poet of the Mind

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON: A Critical Study—by Ellsworth Barnard—Macmillan—$6.00.

by Lucy Van Gogh

ROBINSON was an interim poet who began writing in the '90s and belonged neither to the period before that decade, nor certainly to the decade itself (he was not mauve), nor to the period beginning about 1910 in which the great bulk of his work was written.

He left 23 volumes of verse, nearly all issued by Macmillan, and all moderately successful, yet he is known to the great American public solely by a few short poems with epigrammatic turns to them which cannot be left out of any anthology. He is often difficult, always profoundly pessimistic, but always nevertheless convinced that life has meaning and value. He was desperately against all the vulgarity and materialism of the age.

This book, an able analysis of Robinson's thought, should win him more readers; but his appeal will never be very wide. He has much in common with Duncan Campbell Scott, and is essentially a poet of the mind.

Writers & Writing

ONE OF the busiest people at International Red Cross Conference, ending in Toronto, August 9th., was KATHLEEN NAIRN of the Red Cross and President Toronto Branch Canadian Women's Press Club.

Kay's job was to look after Press releases, and other information jobs, for, or concerning, women delegates from all over the world—and there were a surprising number of women journalists from far-away places like Pakistan, England, Belgium, etc.

The Royal York Hotel took on a little United Nations personality. Any day Canadian Red Cross Workers could be seen, in fascinated fraternization, with some of the world's most intellectual, most charming women. There serene and beautiful Orientals, handsome women from Finland, vivacious Latins, the inscrutable Russians gave Canada an enriching experience.

Mrs. Nairn shared her good fortune; taking delegates to luncheon at Club Rooms of Press Club in their converted house on Wellesley Street, downtown Toronto.

In case you are like the writer, and "never forget a face but can't always remember a name"—Kathleen Nairn is a former newspaperwoman. Her husband, James, is a former newspaper man, now with Famous Players. They co-operated on that July 26th. SATURDAY NIGHT feature about *Hamilton Spectator* called "The Paper that Likes to Argue". For that matter—don't we all?

■ All the main characters are historical personages in "The Silver Plume" by ARTHUR MEEKER, just published. It seems to us there is a tremendous upsurge of interest in the historical novel. It may be we are "in the mood". We were told the other day by Mr. R. S. McLaughlin that "when skies are blue" in the world people want black or dark-colored cars. When times are prosperous and we feel gay we want gay colors in our cars—at least those who can afford cars in gay colors want them. It may be the same about reading and the ponderous note, even lightly treated, may give way to the lighter, more sophisticated theme—perhaps treated with the seriousness it deserves.

■ Why should "light" reading be recommended for summer?

Haven't had much experience with long periods in the country but unless we were the housewife, which we would be, it would appear to be an ideal time for jumping into "heavy"—save the expression—books needing concentration. Would the up-to-date edition of "Canada And The United States," brilliant pioneer work by HUGH KEENLEYSIDE and GERALD BROWN, be a satisfying cottage companion? It covers relationships of the two North American neighbors from events leading up to their division in the American Revolution to field of cooperation following two World Wars in which they were partners.

—*Rica*

FILMS

Breeds Without the Law

by Melwyn Breen

A QUESTION has already come up in the U.S.: with horse-operas now the staple food of television, are they going to continue to attract movie-goers? Or is anybody going to walk across the street to the neighborhood bijou to see a shoot-em-up when the TV screen is more or less constantly clouded with the soft puffs of another rustler biting the dust? It isn't a matter of whether the cowboy film will still continue as a popular form, but whether Hollywood will simply leave the cactus-and-sagebrush field entirely to the tiny screen.

There's a partial solution to this possible movie dilemma embodied in Stanley Kramer's "High Noon". The answer lies in "humanizing" the Western—I use the word quite studiedly—for this is what's been done in this picture. It's the story of the marshal (Gary Cooper) of a frontier town who gets belated word that a killer he sent up for murder has been pardoned and is on his way back to the town with nothing but revenge on his mind. The marshal learns of the killer's return at 10.40 a.m. The picture's time-scheme keeps exact pace with the story's. The marshal has until noon to round up a posse and be on hand at the station to prevent trouble—his own trouble.

This seemingly simple task is complicated by any number of difficulties. For though the marshal was instrumental in cleaning the town of its evil-doers, he hasn't made himself any too popular in the process. There are those in the town who welcome the return of the killer as the chief *deus ex machina* of the town's former wide-openness. There are the respectable townsfolk who look on the feud between the marshal and the killer as none of their affair. The marshal's wife is a Quaker and is against gunfighting; the deputies he once had have lost their nerve. Therefore, the marshal is all by himself, and since the killer has three henchman — and this is where the "humanizing" comes in—he's pretty scared. Not only that but his past life, involved as it was with a Mexican courtesan, was no better than it should have been.

With the slow ticking away of the minutes; with a quartet of psychopathic killers; and with such actors as Thomas Mitchell, Otto Kruger and Grace Kelly on hand to assist Cooper, the result is a film that is tense and sure. Buried in it are the usual ingredients: the fist-fight with the sound effects of blows that must be made by pounding a pillow with a baseball bat, the long walk down the deserted main street with nothing else stirring (not even the music) and the townsfolk under their respective beds. But on top of the formula there are real people in what could conceivably be a real situation. And far from the usually simple moral of the Western—that the good guys always win — the moral of "High Noon" is a bitter one. People, says the picture, just don't want law and order.

LAW and order also take a not inconsiderable beating in "Mr. Denning Drives North", which is a superior thriller that suffers, perhaps, from a little too much ingenuity but is nevertheless quite entertaining. John Mills is the Chairman of the Board of an aircraft factory whose daughter is involved with a bounder. On going to buy off the cad, Mills accidentally kills him. There follows his attempts to hide the body and the slow inexorable unfolding of the true events. The gimmick here, though, is not to get the truth out but to keep the secret in and the film twists and turns somewhat contrivedly to bring you to the brink of the precipice—eventual discovery—and then to snatch you back just in time. Having established that the murdered man was, among other anti-social things, a white slaver, the audience is allowed to understand that he got what was coming to him. Thus, the film can concern itself not with the problem of the truth of the case but with the hero's real problem: will he get away with it?

As the unintentional murderer, John Mills is called upon to do a great deal of soul-searching and with his sensitive terrier's face he manages to come through the quite considerable range of emotions that go along with it. As his understanding wife, Phyllis Calvert is given a somewhat fill-in role that has little more to it than doglike devotion. Sam Wanamaker as an American lawyer engaged to the daughter carries a lot of the film's irony since it is he who unwittingly nearly lets the cat out of the bag.

ONE PICTURE this week is probably on the side of the law but has very little to do with order. The team of Martin and Lewis turn up in a film about paratroopers called "Jumping Jacks". In this one Martin is in the army and responsible for a camp entertainment. Lewis is on the outside but is smuggled in to help with the show. There follows his effort to conceal his civilian status from top sergeants, lieutenants and generals. The rest follows naturally.

Your reaction to the picture will depend on your reaction to Jerry Lewis for there's nothing else to the picture except the occasional song by Dean Martin, who sounds for all the world to me like Bing Crosby, note for note. Whether it's the result of the kind of numbness peculiarly engendered by the movies offered in the dog-days, I found my first contact with Jerry Lewis a quite amusing one. He stands up well in the second rank of comedians—that rank that can scarcely be seen behind the towering figures of Charlie Chaplin and Danny Kaye. Lewis lacks the timing and the ingenuity of Kaye and compared to Chaplin his pantomime is crudely unfocussed. But he does have their ingredients to a quite promising extent. At the moment he has little idea of subtlety; he works too hard; he doesn't know that to attempt to be funny *all* the time is to risk invoking the law of diminishing return. But I think that Lewis, given direction that would be honest enough to tell him the difference between the genuinely funny and the genuinely asinine, might turn into a good comic. No one would attempt to recommend a picture that depends entirely on one's subjective response to a single personality. If Lewis fails you, it's about a thousand to one that the usual gags about runaway jeeps and top sergeants who get their comeuppance won't compensate.

MARY LOWREY ROSS *is on vacation and will resume her articles shortly.*

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>
> *"How long is it since you held a job?"*
>
> *"When your children are sick, have you someone in charge to look after them? Would you have to be absent on their account?"*

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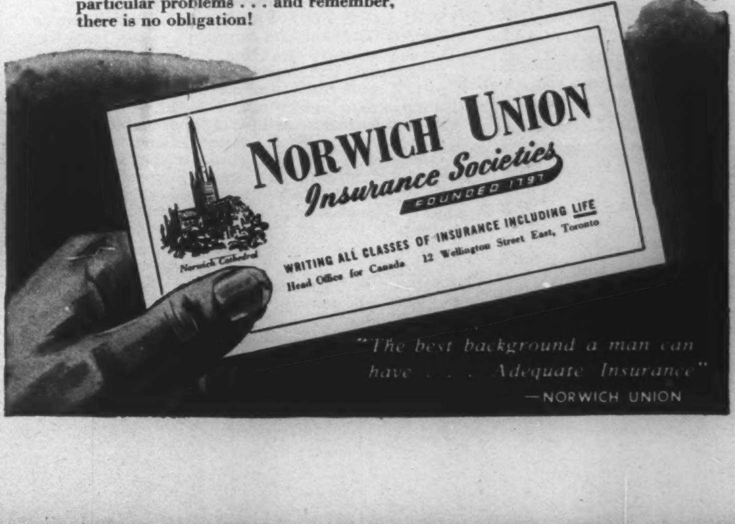

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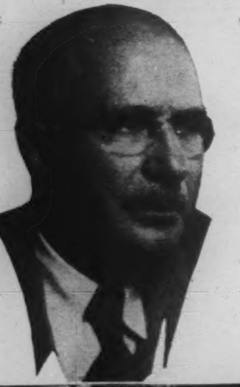

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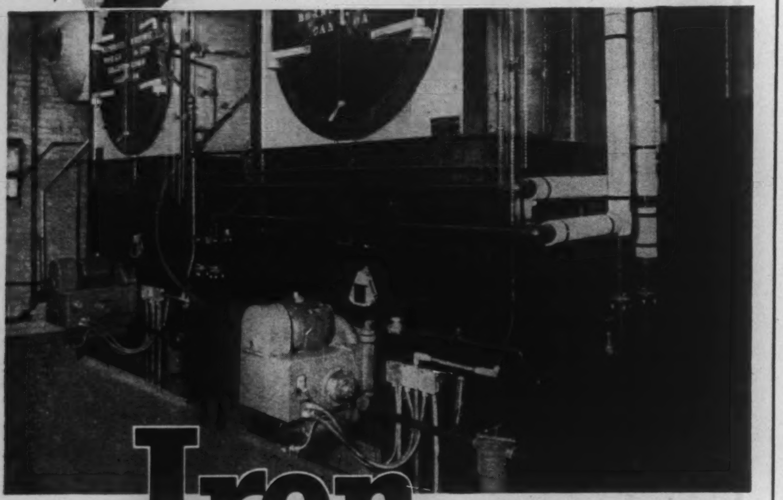

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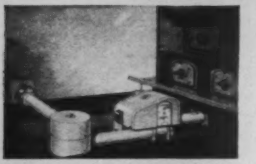

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TV and Conventions

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

their minds while the bosses were slugging it out with the big blocks of votes they controlled.

The Democratic convention produced a completely opposite result. The people's choice, as shown by 14 state primaries, was clearly Estes Kefauver. The man who got the nomination—Adlai Stevenson—was the choice of the bosses.

In this case, a good many disinterested observers are convinced that the bosses made a wise choice, and they point out that this choice was never available to the people. Stevenson refused to go after the nomination; his name wasn't on the ballot in any primary; and in spite of his brilliance, ability, and apparently incorruptible honesty, he was little known outside of Illinois.

In view of all these considerations, it seems likely that the convention system will continue. It's certain, however, that the conventions will be modified considerably, simply because of television.

Some of this modification was hastily improvised by the Democrats as a result of what they had seen on the screen during the GOP conclave. They determined that they were going to make a better impression on the public, and in some ways they did. Their first step was a result of finding out how startlingly inquisitive the TV eye can be. One of the best features of the convention coverage was the way that a telescopic lens would roam the floor and galleries until the cameraman found a delegate with an interesting face. Then the producer would cut away from the platform for a minute, and millions of delighted televiewers suddenly found themselves watching an individual who didn't dream he was under observation.

VIEWERS saw people arguing, applying lipstick, dozing in their chairs. No one will soon forget the grimly determined lady who became an anonymous star of the Republican television show. Her set jaw and furiously rhythmic clapping during all the demonstrations for Taft told viewers more about the nature of political partisanship in one glance than pages of psychological analysis could ever do. On the first day of the Republican convention, a reporter sneaked a walkie-lookie onto the floor during a particularly routine period of oratory. The chairman spotted him, and made him leave; but before he went he managed to transmit one picture, looking over the shoulders of a row of seated delegates. One was quite obviously reading the funnies, and another was writing a letter home, while the rolling periods from the rostrum ebbed and flowed over their heads.

The Democrats were appalled at the possibility that this might happen to them in a short two weeks. Restricting television coverage was not the answer; there had been a tremendous public outcry when Taft's supporters succeeded in barring television from meetings of the GOP National Committee on the dispute over Texas delegates. The Democrats ruefully concluded that they were going to have to learn the art of living in a political goldfish bowl, and they went to work.

When the second convention started, there was a little pink card on every chair. "YOU," it announced, "will be on TELEVISION. YOU may not know it—television may be showing a close-up picture of YOU!"

Human nature being what it is, the warning wasn't one hundred per cent effective. People couldn't keep their guard up continuously for 14 hours a day, and there were some good close-ups obtained of democratic faces.

But the Democrats learned fast. They put up telling election slogans all around the hall, where they would be shown over and over again by the roving cameras. And they passed a change in their rules forbidding hired actors to take part in floor demonstrations. They hoped that by restricting the demonstrations to actual delegates, they could be returned to their original purpose, which was to show opposing forces how strong the support for a candidate was, and to win further strength if possible. All the Republican demonstrations really proved was that most candidates had a good deal of money in their campaign chests.

EVEN the post-television type of Democratic demonstration didn't go down too well. "Childish" was an adjective frequently heard among ordinary Chicago people, and on the last day of the convention a delegate from California put forward a resolution calling for an end to most of the political tomfoolery that kept photographers busy for two solid weeks. If the voice of the ordinary American is heard clearly, the 1956 conventions will be considerably more sober and dignified.

While the handwriting is on the wall fairly clearly for the shouters and singers, it's unmistakably there for the old-style orator. Television is an intimate medium, with its close-ups bringing a speaker right into the viewer's parlor; old-fashioned political

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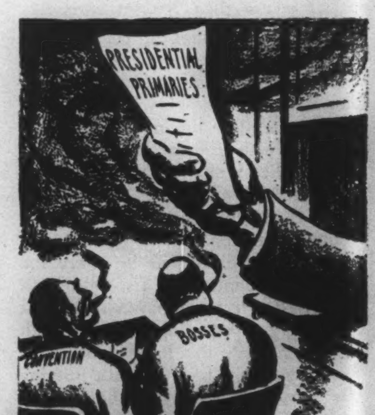


—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch

"HOW TO CLEAR THE SMOKE-FILLED ROOM"

WORLD OF WOMEN

ASK ANY ARMY WIFE

by Maureen Bailey

IF YOU ARE ABOUT TO MOVE to a new location and want to learn the angles, ask an army wife. When a posting may be as permanent as the cold war but more probably will be as temporary as peace hopes for Korea, wives quickly pick up the technique of the cross-country shuttle.

The civilian building boom which, since World War II, has resulted in whole new housing areas springing up across Canada has been paralleled in military housing. These camps are a far cry from the tarpaper shacks which were a blot on the landscape when war was a temporary emergency. Built to provide comfortable living on a permanent basis, the present camps are the kind which make a passerby say, "Well, look at that; they've built a city!"

However, demand far exceeds supply as in civilian housing, and the johnny-come-lately still has to hustle his own.

Students taking the ten-month course at the Canadian Army Staff College, Kingston, are among the hustlers. In a city that has already burst its seams from the last decade's industrial and military expansion, an annual grab-bag goes on with each incoming class. The lucky ones get the prizes, the not-so-lucky end up in the damp cellar apartments and the dreary digs. And even the prizes come high.

CHINESE PRINTS, many books, give lived-in feeling to Kingston home of Major and Mrs. D. K. Brown.
—Lightfoot

"You can't expect to get anything under $90 a month. If you get a comfortable place for that, you're doing well. Some rents are as high as $150 a month," one staff wife said.

A couple who did better than that by using a different approach are Lt.-Col. and Mrs. B. W. Mellor of Regina (where they lived in a comfortable house in a CMHC rental development for $37.50 a month).

For them the move to Kingston was a complicated one. Their younger child was an infant and one of the biggest, brownest dogs extant is a beloved member of their household. To add to their difficulties the house deal which had been arranged well in advance, fell through at the last moment.

"We remembered Gananoque," said Mrs. Mellor. "On previous trips east we had driven through and liked what we saw of the town. And it is only 18 miles from Kingston. So we wrote the Chamber of Commerce outlining our requirements—and here we are," and she waved towards the trim house on quiet Wellington Street.

"The people here think our rent of $70 a month is scandalous," she added laughing, "but they don't know how glad we were to get a house."

The Mellors, both Calgary-born, have done a lot of their army living in western Canada. With the exception of their home city "which is a place apart, with a flavor entirely its own" they haven't found much difference in living conditions, west or east.

Pretty Jessie Mellor has this piece of advice for house-hunters. "Get off the beaten path. By living in a neighboring town or village, you usually save enough on rent to more than pay for transportation. Often you get more pleasant accommodation."

ANOTHER WESTERNER by birth but a Maritimer by adoption is June Brady, wife of Prince Edward Island-born Major J. M. Brady, and mother of Brooke and Andrea, who are "just Canadians" according to their parents.

Now living in a small house in the new, and consequently high-priced, section of Kingston, Mrs. Brady says philosophically, "We didn't have much choice. The only other house we heard of was $150 a month so we took this one at $125 gladly."

Rents in the Maritimes are lower but the housing problem is no easier to solve. "We toured the Maritimes for five years and never found living quarters easy to come by. We've rung doorbells in Yarmouth, lived under canvas at summer camp, spent eight weeks in a mouse-ridden cabin on a lonely bay, had our one prize apartment wrecked by the daughter of an American celebrity on a sublet, so a house at any price seems wonderful to us," said this attractive dark-haired young woman.

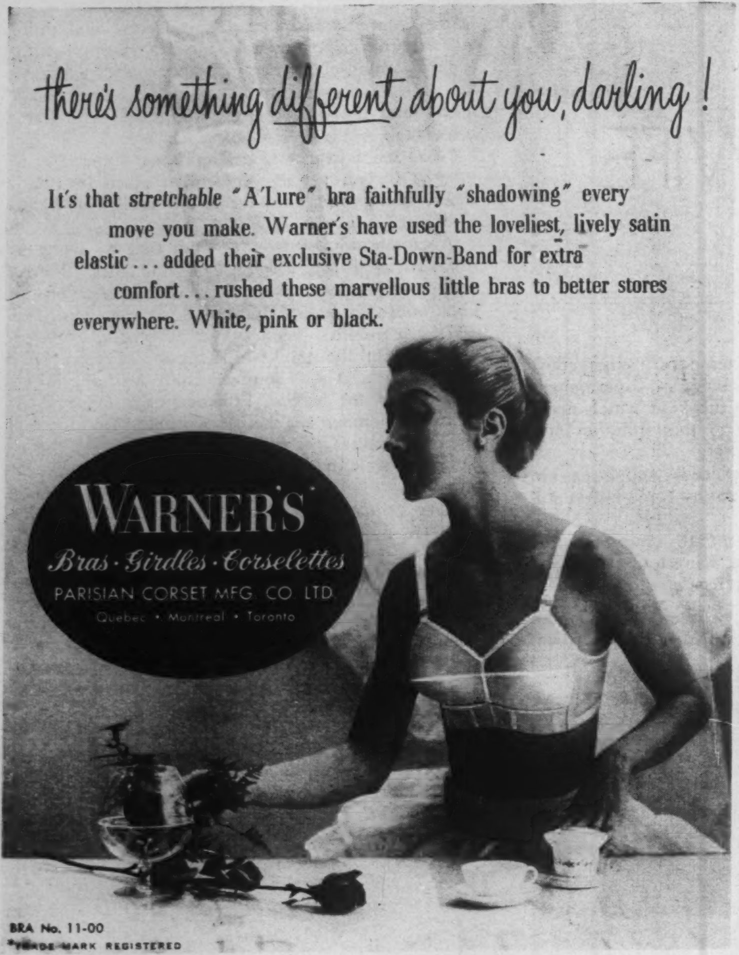
She added, "We like it here, the people are good neighbors."

Mrs. Brady has her own formula for getting acquainted. "When you arrive a stranger in a small town or an army camp, the neighbors come to call. In cities it is up to the newcomer to make the first move. If you do that you'll find that you soon have lots of friends."

A mid-morning coffee party is her opening gambit. And it works whether the locale is PEI, Manitoba or Ontario. "I like knowing civilians and I like knowing the townspeople wherever we are. In the army, naturally, your closest friends are army people. But that shouldn't mean that you cut yourself off entirely from civilian life."

Buying a house for a ten-month sojourn no longer seems slightly mad.

"The only painful part is raising the down payment," said one of the nine or ten staff course officers who solved his problem that way. Payments, including taxes and insurance are often less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—DuBarry

Cleansers, like DuBarry Penetrating Cleanser with "vibranol," are important in summer.

than rent for comparable quarters. Even the bugbear of selling in winter when an untenanted house must be heated is not a great worry in face of the continuing shortage of houses.

Vancouverites Major and Mrs. D. K. Brown bought a new house on Mowat Road in the recently annexed portion of Kingston. "We have a house in the Kerrisdale district of Vancouver and are used to the comfort of our own house," said Ann Brown. "A house is much better for Colin (the ten-year-old son) than a cramped downtown apartment would be, and I like the interest of decorating and fixing up our own place."

Even these women who have spent the greater part of their married lives moving around find that the uprooting comes hard. Mrs. Brown is still homesick for her native Vancouver. "I miss the mountains shining in the distance. Late winter and early spring in the east are so drab and brown. When spring comes it is lovely, but a monotone. At home there is so much color in the gardens and the houses have a new and different look."

But for the Browns, as for other BCers leaving their native Province for Ontario, there is one big consolation. "At least we got away from that pesky 3 per cent sales tax."

On one point these travelling women are united: "Don't put off furnishing your home."

When buying, they keep their changing house needs in mind. No wall-to-wall carpeting, no massive pieces that require large wall space. Drapes and curtains are the biggest problems.

"I've heard girls remark that they have a whole trunkful collected," said Mrs. Brown.

She either makes her own or makes-do. Her streamlined kitchen has gay red-and-white-checked gingham, the sunny yellow bathroom pretty but inexpensive plastic curtains to tone with the walls, all made at home. Dining-room drapes and the willow-patterned deep red drapes of the living-room (most effective against the turquoise of the walls) were used in former dwellings but look as though they had been purchased with their particular setting in mind.

Few people living in (short-term) rented apartments do more than make the place habitable. "But I'll paint a room any time rather than live with an eyesore" sums up the viewpoint of the moving wives. But when you own your own, things are different.

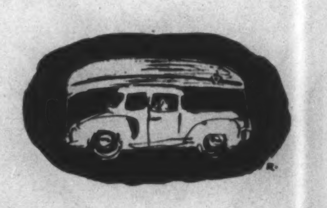
Ann Brown, who decorates as a pastime, highly approves of wallpaper for accent; a gay barnyard scene of many colors enlivens one wall of her grey kitchen. In the soft jade dining-room the window wall is papered in a strikingly handsome design of black, green and gold on a white background, against which the ruby red of the drapes makes lovely contrast.

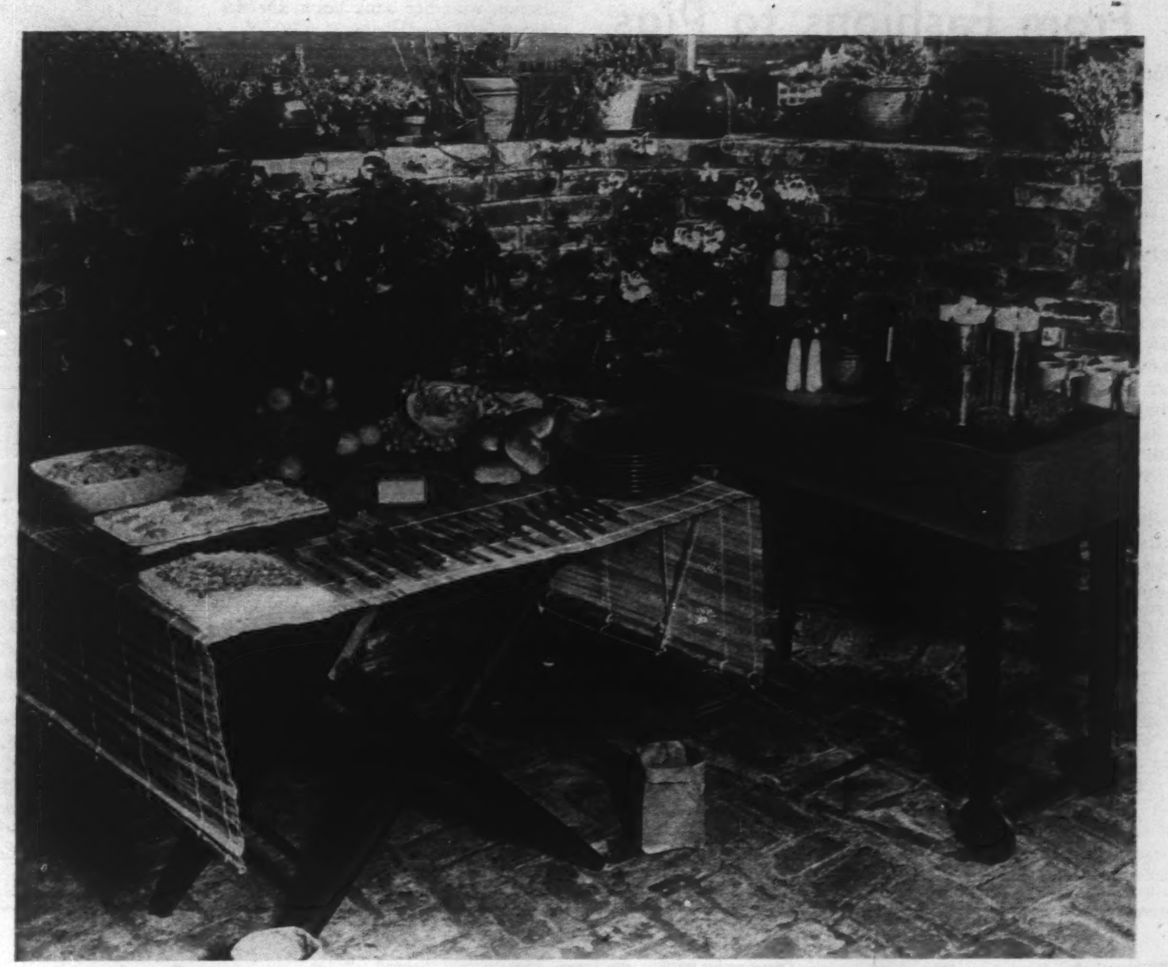
At the staff college a list of available housing is kept to aid the incoming class in their house-hunting. A more effective method is to take over the quarters of someone in the preceding class.

Capt. and Mrs. R. G. MacLeod got their apartment from a last year's student, gladly paying rent for the two extra months. "We moved to Kingston early last December, stayed two days, then went home to PEI. We feel that we were lucky to get an apartment for $90. It is a semi-basement but dry and warm with lots of play space in the neighborhood for young Tommy."

The MacLeods are from Summerside, Prince Edward Island. "People in the rest of Canada think that the Maritimes are some strange and forgotten land," said Eva MacLeod. "The cool provinces by the sea are the nicest part of Canada. Maritimers have a better life, even if they don't have all the fancy appliances."

But East, West—no matter the part of Canada that claims her loyalty—the army wife is an expert in making a home wherever the fortunes of army life may place her and her family.





—Dole

HEARTY FOOD, relaxed informality, is the success formula for out-of-doors entertaining. Useful pieces of equipment are the portable broiler cart and trestle table. Special lighting effects are described below.

DINING UNDER THE SKY

by Marjorie Thompson Flint

THIS SEASON'S tropical temperatures have prodded most of us into some form of al fresco dining. At first, serving meals out-of-doors may prove to be awkward and inconvenient but with practice, organization and simple menus the situation can be handled with ease. While there's still time—summer is supposedly on the wane—it's a fine idea to invite friends to share your place in the shade.

Bamboo or wooden-slat window shades are used as table cover in the photograph on this page, with pottery plates, cutlery and serviettes set buffet style, and iced pineapple juice in mugs on the ledge nearby. For safe lighting later in the evening roadside flares and paper bag candles are ready to use. The former can be purchased at hardware or automobile-supply stores. Make the bag candles by using two paper bags together. Fold the tops down an inch or two all the way around. Pour 2 to 3 inches of sand in bags to hold the candle upright. These can be used for beach or backyard parties and are effective when placed in a row.

The tall juice cans shown are used for boiling ears of corn upright or keeping them hot after cooking on kitchen stove. If cooking on outdoor grill allow plenty of time for water to boil and cook only 3-4 ears in a tin. Number 2½ or 28 oz. cans are used here to reheat baked beans. Good also for cooking fresh or frozen vegetables such as green peas or green beans.

For either a supper party or evening snack hamburgers still get top rating especially if you choose minced beef from the sirloin cuts—the better the cut the more flavorful the 'burger. Here's a recipe for an honest hamburger mated with cheese. For cheeseburgers—

2 pounds minced beef
2 teaspoons salt
1 teaspoon monosodium glutamate
¼ teaspoon pepper

Mix lightly and measure out 12 patties using the 1/3 cup measure keeping it level. Pat each patty thin—about 4½ inches in diameter. Place a thin slice of cheese or grated sharp cheese between two patties, press edges to seal cheese inside. Store in refrigerator until needed. Broil them on grill over glowing coals until done, turning once only. Slide into toasted buttered rolls and serve while hot and juicy. Delicious with sliced tomatoes and cucumbers, chopped relish and crisp celery.

For patio party hamburgers use same basic recipe and place a slice of pan-fried onion and some barbecue sauce between patties. Or make mixture into 6 large patties and baste with soy sauce. Serve rolls separately for a supper party and add corn-on-the-cob, pork and beans or a dish of scalloped potatoes.

Dessert can be fruit served in a watermelon bowl. Cut a watermelon in half; scoop out meat from both halves using French melon cutter. Prepare cantaloupe and honeydew balls the same way. Mix melon balls with any other fruit — sliced peaches, pineapple, grapes, and so on. Pour over juice from canned fruit used and add some sherry or white table wine. Chill for several hours. Before serving drain fruit and heap in one half of the scooped out watermelon and set on platter for serving. Garnish with mint sprigs and lime wedges.

WOMAN OF THE WEEK

From Fashions to Pigs

by Ruth Hammond

IT'S A FAR CRY from designing leather accessories for Norman Hartnell and royal milliner Aage Thaarup in London to raising pigs on an Ontario farm, but Katharine Le Riche de Cheveigne who, before her marriage to an officer in the Free French Air Force, was Kitty Larp, has slipped into her new role with ease and graciousness. A visitor to their farm near Sutton West would more than likely find her happily gathering eggs with her small daughter, Suzanne, and perhaps not until the child addressed him in perfect Parisian French would he realize there was anything different about this Ontario farm family.

Born in India, with an English missionary father and a Toronto-born mother, Kitty spent her early childhood in Ontario, went to finishing school in France at 11, and attended an English boarding school when most English girls her age would be at finishing school. As the daughter of a country parson, she found her road to higher learning would have to be by scholarship route, so she applied for one at Somerville College, Oxford. Competition was stiff. Candidates included a niece of Edith Sitwell, a relative of Robert Graves, and Barbara Ward, now assistant editor of the *London Economist* and described by Kitty as "a terrific brain". Despite her qualms, she won her scholarship. Majoring in modern languages, she was the only woman in her course to graduate with a first.

Down in London (without her degree, which hadn't been conferred officially yet because she couldn't afford the necessary fee for that formality), she went back to a favorite hobby of her teens, enrolled in the Royal Academy of Art, and lived precariously on the returns from tutoring (notably a daughter of the Dean of St. Paul's) and free-lance journalism. She crashed Fleet Street with a series of articles on rowing, for which she got her material from a current athletic boy friend. This somehow led to an assignment to cover exclusive fashion openings for a London paper . . . and there a new idea was born.

As a child she had camped on Georgian Bay (fellow camper: Toronto's Mavor Moore) and there had picked up some knowledge of leather work. Always in need of funds, she now designed several unusual hats and belts and started making the rounds of Bond Street shops in the hope of getting some orders. After being thrown out of all the best ones by ultra-superior salesladies (who, she later discovered, were earning even less than she was!) she was advised by friends to double her prices and try Fortnum's, London's most exclusive import shop. After a brief consultation with her bank book, she decided it was worth a try.

Experience had taught wisdom, however, and the Kitty Larp who appeared in the Fortnum offices was a different girl from the timid creature so easily rebuffed in the Bond Street specialty shops. Wearing a Tyrolean leather hat and belt, with an authentic-sounding Austrian accent to match, she landed a large order. "Cheque once cashed, I quietly subsided into my own personality," she reports. It was the beginning of a long and pleasant association.

One of her unusual belts, purchased by a Thaarup model from the Fortnum shop on the Queen Mary, landed Kitty orders for a series of London belts to be featured in the designer's next opening. They included Covent Garden, Piccadilly, Horse Guards' Parade, the Thames, and other familiar London scenes. Never one to stick to one idea, she searched the little shops of London for interesting old brooches, in the frames of which she mounted millinery prints taken from old Victorian ladies' books. Thaarup designed hats to match the brooches and sold the set to the carriage trade at handsome prices.

This was interesting, but not too lucrative, so the enterprising young lady soon get herself on the air with a BBC series based on the "Advice to the Lovelorn" columns she found in the old magazines.

Meanwhile, deciding that a steady weekly pay-check would be useful, she thought of teaching. This necessitated a degree, however, so she designed and sold leather moccasins to make enough money to get it conferred. After selling a dozen pair, she could officially write MA after her name.

—Ballard and Jarrett
KITTY LARP

When war and rationing closed down all small fashion enterprises, she settled into high-school teaching. Soon Rt. Hon. Vincent Massey, now Governor-General of Canada, offered her a position as hostess at "Garnons", the country home the Masseys had leased in Herefordshire for use as a convalescent home for Canadian officers. During a happy three years there

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she compiled the history of the house for the benefit of curious Canadian guests, and set up an informal occupational-therapy workshop from which finely-crafted leather goods went out to many a Canadian wife and sweetheart.

Her acquaintance with some 1700 Canadians turned her thoughts toward Canada, and she admits she would probably have taken the first boat she could get if mutual friends in London hadn't introduced her to a handsome young Frenchman, recently released from a German concentration camp. He had had an exciting and highly dangerous war career, parachuting into France and operating secret radio networks there. On their second meeting, he proposed, and she found herself with a resounding French name, share-farming in France.

The lure of Canada was still in her mind. however, and that, combined with their desire to own their own farm. brought them, in 1951, to Canada and Sutton, where they started (on a shoestring) to raise pigs.

Even the quiet pastoral life couldn't keep this colorful pair out of the news, however. But this time it was misfortune that brough them into the limelight. Early in 1952, fire destroyed their barn and most of their pigs, wiping out their slender capital. Neighbors rallied round with offers of assistance, and a benefit performance was organized at which $2000 was raised. With this and their indomitable spirit they hope to make another beginning.

In spite of all this, Kitty has been able to keep on with her leather work, though on a much reduced scale. She has found a ready ally in Rudy Renzino, a skilled metal craftsman currently on the staff of Pickering College, Newmarket. He works with her to design the perfect metal clasps and findings for her products. Visitors to the Canadian Handicrafts Guild Gallery in the Women's Building at the Canadian National Exhibition, Aug. 22-Sept. 6, will be able to see Mme. de Cheveigne at work, bringing to Canada the fine workmanship and knowledge of leather work that once graced the showrooms of London's finest milliners and couturiers.

■ Sporting a gay four-color cover by the famous French painter Raoul Dufy, the new guidebook, "Paris: Where, What, When, How", has made its debut at French Government Tourist Offices.

This is the manual which has been described by the Paris correspondent of *The New Yorker* as "the most compact little Paris directory any of us of the Old Guard here have ever seen." Compiled by Thérèse Bonney, an American living in Paris, the pocket-size guide contains just about everything the tourist needs to know to make his way around the French capital. Arranged in convenient thumb-index form, the manual is packed with a multitude of facts about Paris: its points of interest, its transportation systems, its customs. Hundreds of addresses are given—where to change money or to get tourist information, locations of museums, churches, concert halls—everything from Embassies to the headquarters of the Society of Mushroom Fanciers.

A map of Paris locating its famous buildings and historic monuments occupies the two centre pages of the book. Also included in an inserted folder with maps of Paris subways and bus routes, and a table giving times of last trains on Metro lines.

Those who want copies should write to the French Government Tourist Office, Montreal.

■ Hard to believe that the urban housewife, with all the labor-saving devices available, spends more time on work in her home than the farm wife. But Dr. H. E. Lehman of Verdun Protestant Hospital, Montreal, writing in the June issue of the *Canadian Dietetic Association Journal,* uses a Bryn Mawr study to show that farm women work 60.55 hours per week. Women living in cities of over 100,000 population work 80.57 hours per week.

Even if we assume that these work hours cover *all* phases of homemaking, these work hours seem unnecessarily long. The farm wife is often a working partner with her husband and spends time outdoors when needed, which may partially explain the shorter hours spent in the farm home.

But does the woman in the Big City really spend 80 hours a week on her homework? Perhaps this profession of housewifery needs an overhauling, or at least a Royal Commission report.

■ Last February pianist Maurine Stuart made her Town Hall debut in New York; now has 20 concert bookings in the Eastern U.S. for Fall. Born in Keeler, Sask., Maurine studied piano in Winnipeg; won a French Government scholarship in 1946.

■ For an unusual soup topping sprinkle onion or celery salt on top of bite-sized shredded cereal and toast. Serve with cream of tomato soup.

BRAIN-TEASER

Making Ends Meet

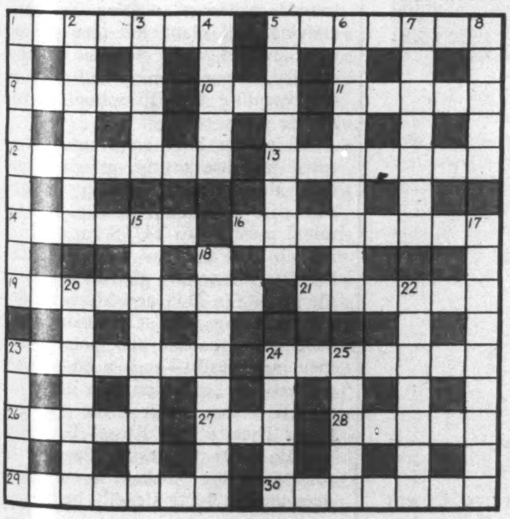
by Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1. See 19.
5. Snake, continent as Pericles' lady wasn't. (7)
9. Like a spell of flue must? (5)
10, 27, 17. "The Death of a Salesman" might suggest it, where his spiel is concerned. (3,3,2,3,4)
11. A Fagin hireling could do it artfully, perhaps. (5)
12. He voted for a German Prince? (7)
13. How Mr. Hogg acquiesced! (7)
14. What closes "Amen", has an opener, too. (6)
16. This character appeared to do well on nothing. (8)
19, 1 across, 1 down, 30. Merely 10, 27. (5,3,5,2,5,4,3,4)
21. Brilliant Doctor of disease? (6)
23. 12 usually has several. (7)
24. Painter whom changing times 'as affected? (7)
26. Pseudonymous novelist from Douai? (5)
27. See 10.
28. Was his pa a cavalryman, too? (5)
29. Air outlets? Quite the reverse! (7)
30. See 19.

DOWN

1. See 19.
2. Until filled in, 27 will be. (7)
3. Decidedly put out! (5)
4. Sat on your extremities? Beastly man! (5)
5. Hamlet and Orestes were in common. (8)
6. Not a 27 runner! (9)
7. But the Graf Spee didn't rise to this order. (7)
8. It brings the morning to a 23 down? Correct! (5)
15. The sort of show formed by Formby. (5,4)
17. See 10.
18. Burns made them rhyme with relatives, perhaps. (8)
20. Make a 27 of it. (7)
22. Postage bearing the stamp of Hitler? (7)
23. Stuffy 27? (5)
24. Some deans let their boys go for her. (5)
25. When irritable, try-out at the "Y". (5)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1. Three Rivers
9. Fish flats
10. Perdu
11. Cushion
12. Cretan
14. Noting
16. Frisking
18. Roughage
20. Stages
23. Scrimp
24. Animate
27. Elemi
28. April fool
29. Night and Day

DOWN

1. Tests
2. Ruffian
3. Elaine
4. Insecure
5. Express
6. Spreading
7. Off-centre
8. See 26
13. Eggshells
15. Truncheon
17. Egg-plant
19. Hailing
21. Trilled
22. Patron
25. Agony
26 and 8. Teacup (222)

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STRAW HAT CROP

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

are all-important certainly, and we've reared a first-rate group—mostly professionals, swinging between winter "rep" and radio, and summer stock. Or else they're experienced radio and Little Theatre members like The Actors' Guild; organized in June by Winnipegger Peggy Green. Permanent weekly quarters weren't available, so the group compromised on a three-production schedule of two nights each; still have one show to go.

But more important for survival of the groups, is the good manager and publicist. These are rare birds. The Straw Hat Players learned this early, and in their second year snaffled off manager Jimmy Hozack of Hart House Theatre for a permanent summer job. The U.S. Shelton-Amos Players with their U.S. cast—in London again for fourth season—wisely keep on London Little Theatre's business manager, Ken Baskette.

Michael Sadlier and Bruce Yorke of the Peterborough Summer Theatre and the Bermuda venture don't act at all; spend their time managing. The same goes for Arthur Sutherland of the International Players. And this year Montreal's Mountain Playhouse took on Bruce Raymond, business manager of Ottawa's Canadian Repertory Theatre, and so it goes.

NIAGARA Falls features U.S. stars—next week, Fay Bainter in pre-Broadway try-out of Zoë Akins's new "The Swallow's Nest".

Peterborough made full use of the fact that Kate Reid, Barbara Hamilton, Gerry Sarracini and Peter Mews were returning to home base after "their successful Bermuda season" . . . where they played with such stars as Burgess Meredith, Zachary Scott, Edward Everett Horton, Kay Francis.

Members of the new Carousel Theatre at Oakville, near Toronto, turned up all Spring at all Toronto dramatic "do's" with announcement handbills. The new Scarborough Summer Theatre (near Toronto) found they needed audience build-up.

However it wasn't the imported stars or the publicity that made the real hit this summer. It was air-conditioning. Theatres lucky enough to have it competed comfortably with movies. Others, like Niagara Falls, found audiences waiting for non-arriving cool night and then packing in at end of week. Maude Franchot decided air-conditioning had to go in; is presenting unit to school at end of five years.

All groups have contributed in no small measure to the growing hope that, through our summer theatres, will arise a national theatre. But top salute must go to TUTS for premiering an all-Canadian musical ("Timber!!") that, we are glad to say, made the grade. To Don and Murray Davis for realizing our Canadian actors have now reached the point where they are ready—and need—outside professional direction. So they imported Peter Potter from Glasgow Civic Theatre and Russel Graves of Florida State University Faculty. By such gambling pioneers is our Canadian theatre being steadily built.

TV & CONVENTIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

spellbinding tends to sound false, unnecessary, and insincere. And this poses a major problem for politicians.

Except for the set-piece speeches, which are largely designed for public consumption, convention oratory is aimed at persuading or convincing delegates, inducing them to take some particular course of action. A casual, intimate style completely suited to television would have little effect on the assembled delegates, or on any large political audience. It's generally agreed that the best speakers in July were those whose style was simple and direct enough to be effective on television, but who managed to retain enough oratorical force to hold the immediate audience as well. Governor Stevenson is an outstanding example of the type.

These problems are coming to Canada, too, although not on the same scale. The minutely detailed television coverage of the American conventions was only possible as a combined effort of three major networks; it required a staff only slightly less elaborate than the one General Eisenhower used to command the allied armies during World War II; and it cost $10 million. Commercial sponsors picked up $8 million of this monumental tab, leaving the networks some $2 million out of pocket.

By Canadian standards, these costs are staggering. When the Liberals meet in the next few years, as they're expected to for the purpose of choosing a successor to Prime Minister St. Laurent, Canadian television won't be able to give the convention the saturation coverage that American TV would. For one thing, Canadian television simply couldn't assemble anything like the 1,400-odd reporters, producers and technicians that swarmed into Chicago last month.

Nevertheless, there probably will be television coverage, and it will be as full and informative as Canadian ingenuity can make it. It's bound to have some impact on our political system, though the impact may not be as spectacular as it has been on the American system.

One extremely interested set of observers at the Republican convention was a group of Canadian MP's and officials of both the Liberal and Progressive Conservative party organizations. They undoubtedly made some notes on television to take home with them.

American politicians are convinced that their time-tested institutions are still fundamentally sound. But they know that they have to streamline and modernize their techniques, their attitudes, and the way they conduct their affairs. They know that they're in the middle of a lesson in public relations that will have to be learned by professional politicians in all democracies. From now on, the people are watching.

The "Club Date" Circuit

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

good living by posing as a waiter for big dinners and insulting the leading guests.

Most of the talent in the Club Date Circuit is booked by agencies (there are at least 15 in Toronto alone) which are accredited by AGVA and take 10 per cent of the performer's fee for their services.

George Taggart who, along with the Norman Harris Agency, recently took the CNE attractions committee to task for their method of booking grandstand entertainment, feels that live entertainment in Canada is big business and that it's high time night-club managers and the CNE woke up to the fact. He can't understand why a manager will book an act sight unseen through some small New York agency when they could get the same talent—or better—through an accredited Canadian agency.

"Often the acts they get are no good," he explains, "and the club has to pay them and send them home. Then they come running to us for a quick replacement."

Both Taggart and the Harris Agency have offered to book performers for the complete grandstand show and provide headliners. This doesn't mean that they wouldn't get some big names from the U.S. if the committee thought it necessary. Both agencies have affiliations in New York through which they can obtain anybody available.

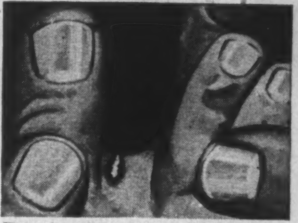
Whether Canadian acts are good enough to head the grandstand bill or not is still a good argument, but the fact remains that they are good. They've got to be to meet the competition from television. The same youngsters and adults who sit on planks in the outdoors and laugh at the antics of Billy Meek at a garden party could be sitting at home in a comfortable chair watching Milton Berle. Today the best in variety entertainment is as close as the television dial.

Convention visitors from the U.S. expect entertainment as good as they see at home. At a recent convention of the American Pediatrics Association at Toronto's Royal York the audience, 95 per cent of whom were Americans, were wild about the show which included Romaine, the Benny Silverton Trio, ventriloquist Cy Leonard, the Video-ettes and the Leslie Bell Singers whom they would scarcely let off the stage.

And this is the answer, too, to the question often asked: "Where in Canada are we going to get enough television talent?" As one old-time showman recently commented: "Vaudeville never died, it just took a little snooze in the banquet halls and club rooms. Now it's awake again in television."

Fiery cracks between the toes? *Look tonight!*

ATHLETE'S FOOT calls for FAST ACTION



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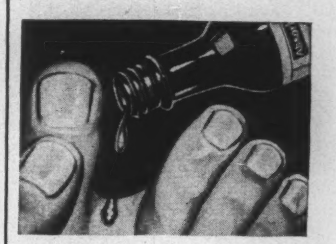

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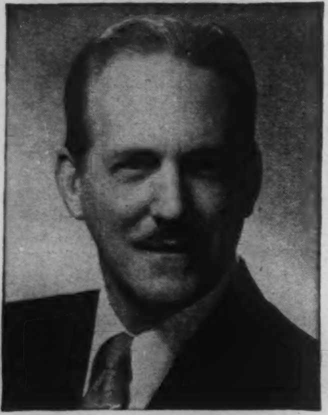

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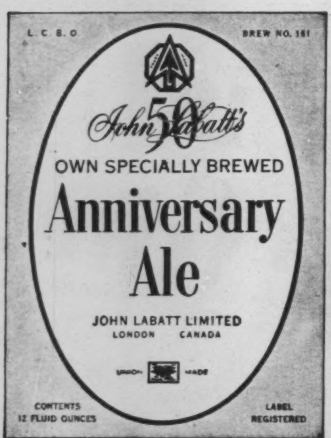
Familiar to theatre-goers around the world, Wynn Barron, famous news-voice, is celebrating this year his 10th Anniversary as editor and commentator of Canadian Paramount News. When *you* celebrate this occasion—or any special event—drink *lighter, smoother* Anniversary Ale. Brewed expressly for celebrations, Anniversary's lightness and smoothness is combined with all the body and character traditional with Labatt's*. It will double your enjoyment. But why wait for a special occasion? Order a bottle next time you're thirsty, or take a case home and let *lighter, smoother* Anniversary Ale *be* the occasion! John Labatt Limited.



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PORTS OF CALL

Splendor of Line and Color

by Andre Michalopoulos

GREECE is not only a land of legend and 35 centuries of history; it is a country which allures the ordinary traveller abroad by reason of its exceptional natural beauty. New Zealand is the only other country in the world which vies with Greece in the splendor of line and color.

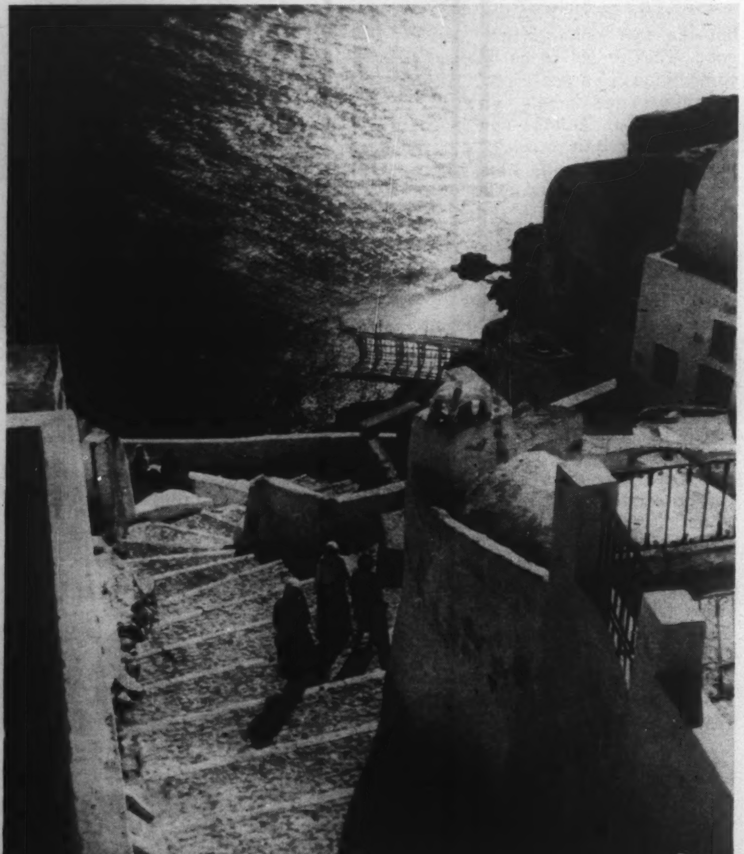
There is arresting grandeur in the dark mountain ranges of Hellas whose rugged outline stands out sharply against a deep blue sky, and magic in the dawn and dusk enveloping the marble city of Athens in an ethereal veil of amethyst. The "violet-crowned city" of Aristophanes, although slightly larger today than Montreal, retains its enchanting quality of color and luminosity.

On the slopes of Hymettus, amid the aromatic shrubs of sage and thyme, bees still make the honey that sweetened the tongue of the poets of old. Behind the white clouds that enfold the summit of old Olympus, who knows but what the rollicking gods of antiquity still enjoy their very human pleasures, and banquet on nectar and ambrosia, afar from the turmoil of a world which must seem strange and unlovely to them?

On Parnassus, the celebration of the Delphic Festival with games and performances of ancient Greek plays, still does honor to Apollo and the Muses, the magnificent ruins of whose shrines are easily accessible and ever a wonder to behold.

PICTURESQUE ISLAND OF HYDRA IN THE SARONIC GULF

All over Greece the monuments of a glorious past draw forth the breathless admiration of the visitor. In Athens, the Acropolis with its treasures is one of the marvels of the world. The white columns of Sounion, sung by Byron, forever survey the calm waters of the Aegean.



—Photos courtesy Greek Information Office

SANTORIN OF THE THOUSAND STEPS IN THE AEGEAN

Epidaurus in the Peloponnesus reveals, in the green folds of its valley, the remains of a health resort dedicated to Asklepios, god of healing. There too lies the most perfect Greek theatre extant. On the island of Mitylene another theatre on a grassy hill, covered in springtime by a riot of anemones of tenderest hues, enchants the eye.

Side by side with the venerable stones recording classic grandeur stand Byzantine chapels, relics of an empire which gave peace to the eastern Mediterranean for eleven and a half centuries; and Frankish, Venetian and Genoese castles, witnesses to the often questionable activities of Crusaders and Chevaliers of feudal times. In Rhodes may be seen imposing vestiges of the onetime might of the great order of the Knights of St. John.

For those who have time to cruise in small boats, the myriad islands off the indented coast of Greece offer, in spring, summer and autumn, the sheer delight of fairyland in halcyon seas. Cymodocea and her nymphs, who allured Odysseus and Aeneas, sport in the curl and froth of laughing waves, and the Greek islanders, cheerful and hospitable, make the visitor welcome in their picturesque villages, scrupulously clean, whose whitewashed houses, minuscule churches and old-world windmills gleam brightly in the golden sunlight.

If you go to Corfu, the Homeric Isle of the Phaeacians, you may chance to see, in the dappled sunlight and shade of an orange-grove by the sea, the princess Nausikaa playing handball with her maidens, as she waits for the return of the elusive Odysseus, most lovable of adventurers.

Dieppe: Canada's Costliest Day

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

One was to block the tunnel on the rail line from Dieppe to Paris on the outskirts of town. Another was to race to German naval HQ and try to grab the enemy's naval code book before it was destroyed. Some of our tanks were supposed to make for the wharves and fire on German naval craft in the harbor. In my own innocence of battle conditions at the time, I had a prominent note in my book to cover this tank-boat battle for sure. The tanks never got near the wharves and I didn't get within a couple of hundred yards of the first streets of the town. Another task was to capture 40 landing craft in the harbor and tow them to England.

It all looked so good in the plan.

In retrospect, however, one should not blame the Canadian command for faults in planning, for being elaborately over-zealous and giving objectives that were almost impossible under the best of battle conditions. The responsible authorities in this case were the war office and combined operation HQ. The vital decisions had practically all been taken before the Canadians ever heard of Dieppe.

OUR OFFICERS were in no position to argue strongly for changes and protest against aspects of the big plan, for the Canadians had not been in action and they had been given this major assignment after long training for battle. If this special situation had not prevailed and some of the Canadian staff officers had felt quite free to criticize without prejudice to the position of the Canadian army in England, the plan might well have been one that was more suitable.

But even then, it would have been a gamble at best, and, considering the delays in landing, the outcome might not have been much different unless far heavier bombardment from air and sea had been provided.

In my own opinion, Dieppe would have stood a reasonable chance of being turned into a fairly successful operation if main targets in the area—particularly the big headlands and the row of fortified houses along the front—had been hammered by heavy bombers before the landing and by a couple of cruisers or one battleship at time of landing or immediately after.

The RAF felt it couldn't guarantee accuracy with heavy bombers on specific targets such as those I've mentioned. They felt too, that a heavy raid would only alert the garrison. But I feel myself that it would have demoralized the enemy and even if the 2nd division had to batter its way through rubble to its objectives it would have been a thousand times better than what happened.

The controversy boils down essentially to the question of fire support. The meagre flotilla of six small "Hunt" class destroyers which was with us that morning wasn't nearly enough. The light-bomber raid and the attack by Hurricane fighter-bombers were only pin picks. The planners should have realized this. But at least they learned the lesson fast. Later, going into the beaches at Sicily I had the warming experience of being practically blown out of the landing craft by the concussion from the 14-inch guns of a British monitor shelling Italian positions ahead of the assaulting 1st Canadian division. And there were rockets that night too on our side and lots of support. In Normandy, the whole arsenal of fire support was put behind the landing infantry and tanks.

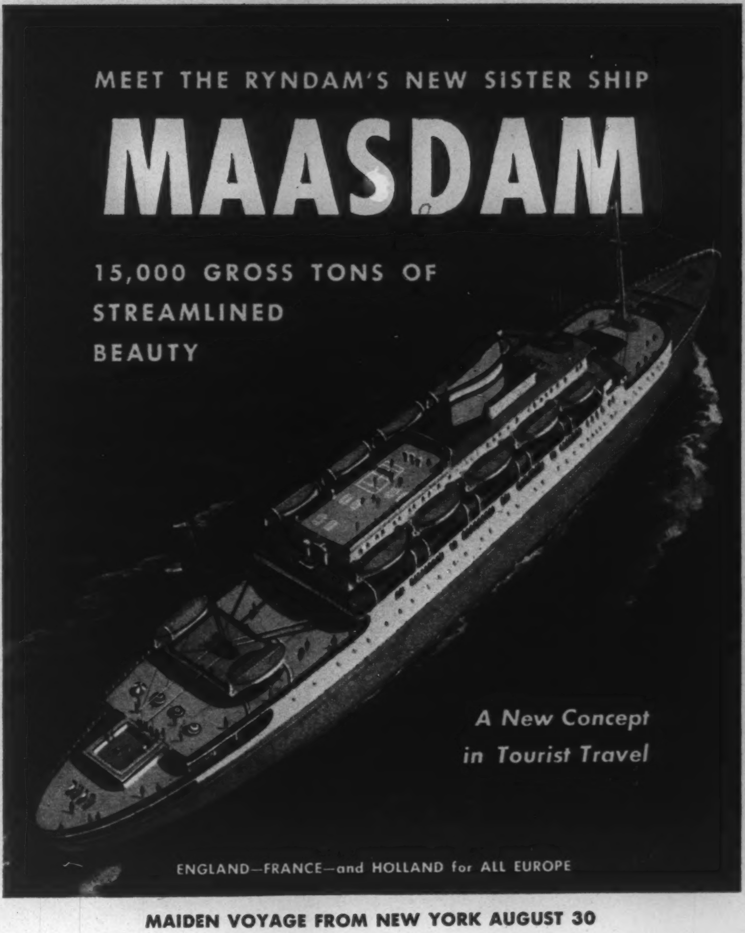
There's another angle to this business that has seldom been fully discussed—the question of the landing of the reserve battalion, the Fusiliers Mont Royal. The Dieppe job might have been pulled partially out of the fire, even after the reverses on the main beach and at Puys if the FMR had not been thrown in on the main beach but had been landed at Pourville on the west flank to exploit the successful landing of the South Saskatchewan Regiment, under Vancouver's Lieut.-Col. Cecil Merritt, VC, (which, incidentally, achieved complete surprise on its assault which was on schedule) and the excellent inland penetration of the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders from Winnipeg.

There's a general principle of war that you don't reinforce a failure. But this is what happened with the FMR. They were ordered into the main beach and in they went, to be cut to pieces. However, in fairness to General Roberts, the 2nd division commander, it should be pointed out that communications from the beaches to his headquarters destroyer offshore were very bad. He never had a clear picture of what was going on on all sectors and on several occasions received wrong information.

The original plan was for the FMR to reinforce the main beach, for by the time they were supposed to go in, a couple of hours after the first landing, the town was supposed to have been partly cleared of enemy. General Roberts followed the original plan. But if the FMR had been ordered into Pourville, the story might have been a good deal different.

DIEPPE was my first encounter with military combat and when looking back on the years of campaigning that followed, I have long since concluded that there is nothing in war more gallant than the beachhead troops. The uncertainties of seaborne assault are even greater than for airborne operations. Even the German panzers with their whip-lash names fade in prestige before the beachhead forces.

The Canadians were in all the major assault landings and if there ever is a crest moment in the dismal business of war it is at H-hour at dawn with landing craft pounding in to a smoke-veiled beach. The men of the 2nd division at Dieppe were the first of the beachhead infantry to carry out a major assault since Gallipoli in 1915. The allied troops who scrambled up beaches later from the Mediterranean to the Normandy coast had a lot to thank the boys with the dark-blue patch of the 2nd div.—although they never knew it.



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